The COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK		159
PASSY	*Julien Green*	162
JULIET ON HER TOES	*E. V. R. Wyatt*	163
THE DANCE	*Albert Eisele*	164
COMMUNICATIONS		167
THE SCREEN	*Philip T. Hartung*	169
EUROPEAN CARTELS	*Heinrich Kronstein*	170
EDITORS' CHOICE		173
Journey Among Warriors—The Amazon—Brazil in the Making		
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK		
America's Rôle in Asia—The World of Yesterday—The Ministry of Fear—Evolution: The Modern Synthesis		
THE INNER FORUM		177

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The Meaning of It All

YOUR reaction to the announcement that the Communist International has been dissolved is likely to depend upon your emotional attitude toward the Soviet régime. If you are inclined to be very sympathetic to that régime, you will see for this action a great gesture for the sake of Allied unity and in the interest of winning the war against fascism and for "democracy." If you are inclined to be suspicious of Moscow, you will see a colossal bluff, and you will shrug the whole business off: after all they can give their orders to the various CP's in a thousand other ways, and perhaps work even more effectively (because underhandedly) for world revolution than before. . . .

There is a vast amount of evidence that ever since Munich Mr. Stalin's government has been going more and more nationalistic. We need not recapitulate this evidence here; it comes from such a diversity of sources that only blind prejudice can any longer deny the fact. Now a strong nationalism, whatever dangers of its own it may involve, is not compatible with traditional Marxist ideas of world revolution. This is not to say that it is incompatible with furthering social revolution in other countries.

The crux of our question about Russia, then, is this: Has the Russian régime committed itself so thoroughly to nationalism that it cannot revert to its formerly predominant idea of world revolution *managed* from Moscow? Again this is not to say that an out-and-out chauvinism in Russia would not be *sympathetic* with social revolution elsewhere. Imitation is still the most winning flattery.

It does look as though the gentleman in the Kremlin has decided that he cannot eat his cake and have it, and that he would rather play the patriotic tune full organ, and thereby renounce his title to exclusive rights in the *Internationale*. By so acting he deals a blow to his enemies' propaganda, he commits his countrymen utterly to the defense of their native soil, he tends to strengthen his position throughout Europe by making allies of all European nationalisms. And if this war has proved anything, it has proved that nationalism is not dead.

A POLICY of continuing nationalism in Russia by no means signifies the end of all our fears and worries about Russia or about social revolution. It does not mean a return to capitalism, although it could very easily mean a renewed alliance between the Russian State and Orthodox Christianity. Leading members of the Orthodox hierarchy have made it clear that they themselves do not wish a return to capitalism, far less to czarism. Nor would such a change in direction mean that the rest of the world would be free of the possibility of revolutions, and even specifically communist revolutions, although it might mean that the objectives of such revolutions—or revolutionary parties—would vary from one country to another. The Comintern itself has given the clue:

> Deep differences of the historic paths of development of various countries, differences in their character and even contradictions in their social orders, differences in the level and the tempo of their economic and political development, differences finally in the degree of consciousness and organization of workers, conditioned different problems affecting the working class of the various countries.

What can all this mean for the future? It is of course very easy to be mistaken when one tries to answer such a question. As Waldemar Gurian has recently pointed out in the *Review of Politics*, it would be possible for the United States and England to push Russia back toward its world revolutionary attitude, and the opposite is equally true. "A cautious policy toward Russia based on the knowledge that the Soviet rulers are most impressed by real display of power and, on the other hand, a policy of not attempting to block Russia at any price and in all directions, would help to undermine the whole of the Communist ideology." As always, then, the future is as much contingent upon what we ourselves do as upon what somebody else does, and since we cannot by any means be sure of what we shall do, we must be all the more cautious in prophesying what others will do.

But let us assume that we act in such a way as not to change the present tendency of Soviet

SEMINARY

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policy. Assume that when the war is over, Russia continues a strong national state with sympathy for Marxist ideas in other states, but with no fixed policy of scheming for its own social system elsewhere. The door would then be open in Europe to a variety of national governments in which parties sympathetic to the social ideals of Russia, though differing in detail, could have power and influence and could guarantee Moscow a "friend at court" almost everywhere. Some of these parties, after a period of time, might even have a certain affinity with Christianity, especially if the Church and State in Russia itself work out a permanent understanding. And it is even possible that in such a pattern, Russia would count for more in Europe than could be the case were she to attempt any "taking over" of governments by means of direct revolutionary intervention. The result *could* be a European power bloc under Russian influence—a new alignment not without its deep dangers for the future.

Of course all of this speculation is no more than an attempt to analyze the implications of a genuine and continued Russian shift toward nationalism. There is one further implication in this which it would be foolish not to reckon with. During the last few days the press informs us that the German government has been using very threatening language against the Papacy, and it has been suggested that this may possibly be in retaliation for some diplomatic move on the part of the Vatican. It is quite conceivable that if the Vatican judges the new direction of Russian policy to be genuine, it might try to work out some sort of *modus vivendi* with such a power, and of course the announcement of any such step would be a fearful psychological blow to the nazis. Again, all of this is speculation, and none of it is offered with the suggestion that the changes which seem to be taking place are necessarily changes for the good.

Definitely we do not look to any *immediate* social revolutions *everywhere* in a liberated Europe. Yet unless profound social changes come with the liberation of that continent (social changes centered upon "freedom from want," but hoping for as much "freedom from fear" as is compatible therewith; changes toward socialization of big industry, and an increase in the real power of labor; changes toward the equalization of wealth, against capitalism), social revolutions are extremely likely to take place after varying intervals of preparation, and the dissolution of the Comintern might easily prove to have been a brilliant stroke, either to guarantee the social changes which can forestall revolutions, or to guarantee the success of the revolutions themselves if the minimal changes do not take place. In either case, to produce *nationalistic* régimes with strong parties friendly to Moscow.

Strike and Anti-Strike

FROM right here it looks as though the war against inflation would be tougher to win than that other war that everyone is talking about. During the past week outlaw strikes have continued, subsided, broken out in coal, autos and steel, with all of 52,000 rubber workers hitting the street on Saturday, May 22. This last was by way of protesting a WLB increase of 3 cents an hour after the union had asked and a WLB panel recommended one of 8 cents an hour. Exactly why the WLB should bother to publicize the panel's 8 cents and then undercut it five is something that only a Washington psychiatrist could tell you.

Meanwhile the OPA's clammy grip on the price-control situation was indicated by reports of a dozen officials resigning and rumors that said agency is heading for a "mass crack-up." And cooking in the House was a piping hot anti-strike bill known as S.796, or the Smith-Connally Nightmare. Finally, the coal question was still kicking itself around inside the WLB's worried inner sanctum.

We don't know what to say about the alleged OPA crisis except that in our opinion it may be the most critical problem in the whole book and we don't understand why everybody in Washington, from the President down to the Capitol page boys, isn't biting his nails about it.

We do want to say that the discussion of the Smith-Connally bill is very confused and that by its comments thereon labor has shown how much it can now blame itself for the bill's excellent chances of passing. According to both CIO and AFL there is apparently nothing in the bill that is any good at all, just as there has never been anything good in any bill restricting labor's freedom of action. The upshot? It has always been labor's enemies that wrote the bills—bills, for example, such as have already passed in Arkansas, Kansas, Colorado, Texas, South Dakota and Idaho.

Actually the Smith-Connally thing does not outlaw war strikes except where the government has taken over the plant or mine involved. It does provide for secret ballot, 30-day notice, a stronger WLB with the power of *subpoena,* and the filing of union financial statements and other information with the NLRB. In our opinion all this is probably necessary, at least for the duration. What is unnecessary and vicious is that union secrets should be available to employers or anyone other than union members and proper authority, and that the bill should contain a crazy clause about nobody being allowed to go near a war plant to discuss a labor dispute unless said somebody is a "bona fide employee." In other words, "Union Organizers, Keep Out!"

For these reasons we are against the bill, but at the same time we do most devoutly wish that American workers would cut out these suicidal

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strikes, and that the labor leaders who denounce both strikes and anti-strike bills indiscriminately would get wise to the fact that they just can't go on doing both.

The Japanese II

IT ALL depends upon what map you look at. There is the school atlas with a page for every state in America and then seas on both sides of America and then you get to Europe and all the European countries are there side by side—but you have had to turn a page, you have had to cross the sea—and you get to Africa and Africa is all by itself on a page, and you get to Asia and there is India, China and a lot of islands and it is a great surprise to find that you could start out on foot from Pekin and walk to Paris. It is a great surprise to discover that Europe is a cape of Asia. It is astounding to learn that there are a number of valleys, rivers, plains, mountains, but that Asia and Europe are the same land, the same earth.

We live alone in the cities, alone in the valleys, the sun sets between the chimney and the water tower of the tenement across the street, the sun sets behind Mont Blanc, behind Mount McKinley, behind the Himalayas—we live alone and the sun has gone from us for a day and it took astronomy, Marco Polo, Columbus before we could have maps, before we could know that the sun never sets on the British Empire, before we could know that the sun rises each instant somewhere as the priest moves to the Epistle side of the altar, arranges the book, descends to the foot of the altar, makes the sign of the cross and says "Introibo."

There were the pages of the school atlas and it depended where you lived and you would open the atlas to the right page and all the rest of the world would be on other pages and you would not see the rest of the world. What with the war, astronomy, battleships, expeditionary forces, airplanes, it is not so easy to keep the countries separate on their pages. It is not so easy to be sure that wherever you happen to be is the center of the world. It is not so easy to think that one's country has been placed—that everyone's country has been placed—at the center of the world. It has become necessary to look at the world as it exists—the promontories, the capes, the plains, the passages across the seas, the mountain passes, the cities, the villages, the houses built of stone, the tents, the houses built of steel, of mud, of wood—and it has become necessary to look at the world without paying so great attention to the names we have given to the places and countries in the world and to the names of nations and peoples.

At the San Francisco Fair there was an enormous relief map of the Pacific Basin laid out on the floor of one of the buildings. You stood, leaning on a rail, and looked down into the depths of the Pacific Ocean. Instead of looking out over the Ocean from the California coast with the wind blowing and the limitless ocean there before you, here was this ocean inside a building and you could look right across it and see Japan, and China. You could look at the islands that we read about, Attu, Kiska, Wake, Midway, the Philippines, Hawaii, the island Australia, the island New Zealand, Samoa, and you could see that they were mountain tops, high plateaus that the ocean had not submerged. You could see where the ocean was deep and where it was shallow and that the ocean was water on top of land and that the land under the ocean proceeded in unbroken continuity from America to Asia to Australia; you could see that America was linked to Australia and to Japan and to Asia and that the world was one world, one earth, and you could think of it as one earth with lakes, or one lake with islands.

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Week after week you try to say the same thing in different ways. You talk about the civil war; you say that man lives and dies and that he is born in the same way and dies always painfully; you say that the gipsy, the Jew, the American, the Japanese, the Chinese, the African works so that he may eat, eats so that he may live, lives so that he may love, loves with such intense an abnegation that his existence on earth is a problem incommensurably different from that of the atom, from that of the bacillus, from that of the bird, the snake or the ox. You say that the bare brown Japanese foot in the clear Pacific water touching for the first time the pebbles, in a little cove, beneath the moving blue water, feeling the hard pebbles, feeling the cool water, is the white foot of the child from the slums of New York and the father has a day off and has taken the child, the American child, the Japanese child, the child of woman, to the crowded beach at Coney Island. You say that man is one in grief and in love.

When you say all that, what, then, are you saying about our war against Japan? Simply this: that it must be conducted in the manner in which our war is conducted against Germany, against Italy. We have made pledges to the German people, to the Italian people, we have promised them certain freedoms. Those freedoms we must promise also to the Japanese people, those pledges we must make also to the Japanese people. It is as simple as that. The words we speak about the dignity of man, we must speak them in all languages—the Japanese language not excluded.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Passy

By JULIEN GREEN

IT IS at about this time of year that the chestnut trees in Paris, the chestnut trees near the Trocadero in Paris, begin to grow green again. There is one of them which spreads its branches over a subway grating, thriving there innocently in warm and poisonous exhalations. Its young leaves open, reach out, like hungry little hands. Soon, it will put forth its flowers which are like candles and, if I remember rightly, those candle-shaped flowers will be red. It is a young tree. This precocious and high-spirited young Parisian likes the smell of the city. It is the first, with its foliage, its little colored candles, to cross the threshold into spring. In the days when that tree and I lived together in the same city, I called it the subway tree, I felt a special friendship for it, the friendliness which one has for trees only.

Ever since the Trocadero—through a most curious phenomenon—flew away and left us only its wings, the aspect of the square has greatly changed. Some years earlier, it had pushed and shouldered its way toward the cemetery which thus had lost the graceful little stairway by which one reached the rue des Reservoirs; there were not many steps to the little stairway; when one stood on it and looked up, one saw a row of dark cypress trees announcing in terms of fixed convention the presence of the dead and separating from the living the shades of Marie Bashkirtseff and Edouard Manet. At the foot of the stairway, old Ben Franklin sat happily in the sunlight, watching the buses pass by—his bronze in-folios in a pile under his armchair. There was in all this scene a sort of incoherency which was attractive.

The rue Franklin is a lame old lady hobbling down a hill to the rue de Passy. As she passes the cemetery she looks out over a wing of the Trocadero and one may imagine that she is standing there on tiptoe looking for what she has mislaid between the Pantheon and the Invalides. Then for a moment she looks down into the cellar-like depths of the gardens and walks where the shadows stalk even at high noon; at the end of the rue Le Tasse she glances swiftly toward the Eiffel Tower to see if it is still there; and then, abruptly, she makes haste between the tobacco shops and the curio shops, down to the carrefour Delessert, where a dejected streetlight, at the entrance to the rue de Passy, presides over the meeting of the several streets.

Rue de Passy—my childhood—I can name by heart your little shops, the stalls in your doorways where they sell stockings, the signs with their faded gilt letters, the paintings on the marbles of your dairy shops, the allegorical ceilings of your patisseries—Coquelin's and Petit's and Bourbonneaux's—and the oyster man standing among his baskets, with his black apron and his short knife, and the shoe shop where Lina, my nurse, bought slippers with skyblue pompons, and the stationer's with the flies warming themselves in the sun on the covers of schoolbooks, and the austere hall of Nicolas the wine merchant, and Monsieur Baudichon's pharmacy—he wore so wonderful a beard—and the huge gold letters which, from the dizzy heights of a balcony, proclaim the existence of the "Chirurgien-Dentiste," and the horse's head—it too was gilt—above the entry to the riding academy, and the clockmaker's where the proprietor, bent low over his workbench, sits devouring a little watch, and the spring-sky scent of the first lilac branches—the flower girl with reddened fingers holds and shelters them in the doorway of number 93—and the naked sheep, chastely girded with white aprons amid garlands of laurel in the butcher shop—the vermillion striped curtains solemnly billowing—and the delightful odds and ends in the perfume shops, and the jars at the herb vendor's, and the apprentices in the bakeries looking up out of their basement windows at the legs of the women shopping, and the dogs fighting in the street, and the carried baskets colliding against each other like the prows of hostile galleys, and the laughter and the shouting and the rumble of the buses dashing at top speed through all this little world, and not crushing even a single toe, and the beautiful liquid braids tressed by the streamlet coursing in the gutter. . . .

In the sleepless moments that come between darkness and dawn, sometimes I tread this impossible path again, and if, as in the past, it occurs to me to carry some books to the book binder, to my friend Desnaux, who lives not far from the rue Raynouard, and if I hesitate, as in the past, between taking the rue de l'Annonciation and the rue Jean Bologne, almost always I choose the latter because of its coal yard whose inhuman beauty has the terrifying fascination of some landscape on the moon. I look upon the black pyramids with their sides splashed with silver and the corded wood stacked in Babylonian terraces; I take pleasure in breathing there the immemorial fragrance of wood, anthracite and coke, and when I have left the coal yard through which I have been wandering, sleepwalking with my thoughts, it is a pleasure to find myself again in the little street which leads to the door of a simple village church. We meet the gentle ghosts of our childhood in that street; let us follow it once again.

Run, little man, with your schoolbooks in the satchel bouncing against your shoulders at every step, cry out aloud, shout, shout for no reason at all, for the pleasure of being on earth, on your way glance once more at the antiquary's where the gray cat sleeps between the yatagans, the parasols and the delicate fans, hasten past the embroidery shops where they put their eyes out

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working initials on the snow-white linen sheets, run along past the bearded pedicure at his window observing the long deserted sidewalk, hurry to the bronze lion sentinels at the Villa Fodor gates. But you go so fast that I cannot follow you. Have you escaped into the church where the candles tremble before the Grotto of Lourdes? Are you galloping down the rue Raynouard where, in the old days, cab horses used to run away? I shall not pursue you, little man, little ghost of 1908. There is too much sadness in our city and I cannot smile to you as gaily as I would like, but take patience, the day will come when the Seine shall flow once more between happy banks.

Juliet on Her Toes

By E. V. R. WYATT

UNLIKE most city houses, my grandmother's on East Ninth Street had a real attic. Four small rooms overlooked the backyard, but the roof slanted steep down toward the street, and in the diminishing headroom stood the family trunks and discarded mahogany. In one dusky corner was a screen over which wrapping paper had been gummed and industriously painted to represent a brick wall. It was there in the spring, when our hearts were full, that my friends and I would seek out the comfort of the stuffy twilight to rehearse the Balcony Scene. We were only one unit in many generations who have turned in a moment of romantic short circuit to Mr. Shakespeare.

"Romeo and Juliet" is not just a play; it is a safety fuse. Among love poems, most exciting, most practical and most compassionate. My appreciation has been stirred by nine Juliets of varying magnitudes: Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, Eva Le Gallienne, Edith Barrett, Norma Shearer, Katherine Cornell, Vivien Leigh, and Markova. Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters caught the youth of love; Le Gallienne its passion; Cornell gave it dignity; Shearer, pathos; Markova is all love's poetry.

The classic mantle of the theater is now being worn by the ballet. Few plays are written on any scale of grandeur; imagination, when it appears, is apt to be roguish. Beauty gives precedence to strength or humor. Verse is ventured only by Maxwell Anderson or T. S. Eliot. But, at least, the theater is alive: the opera is in a coma. I believe that in the coming years it will be the ballet which will offer most free scope to composer and to painter in music and design and to the dramatist through choreography. No one can deny that the ballet's trend is now dramatic. The great ballerina is no longer a simple sylph; she must also be an actress of winged power: pantomimic art is essential. From its inception as a light interlude to operatic action, the ballet during this season has seen itself become the dramatic kernel of an operetta—"Oklahoma." From picturing the pattern of a fairy tale or giving visual fancy to a mood, a ballet such as Tudor's "Lilac Garden" has the same subtly balanced psychological values as a sketch by Katharine Mansfield; Massine's "Saint Francis" is a spiritual allegory, and now ballet has linked itself even more definitely with literature through Antony Tudor's "Romeo and Juliet," which is not mere variations on a love theme but definite translation of Shakespeare's tragedy into dance rhythm. Such a departure has caused a flurry of discussion among balletomanes. Mr. Robert Lawrence of the *Herald-Tribune* feels much controversy might have been avoided if "Romeo and Juliet" had been dubbed a masque or a pageant. Perhaps a new name will have to be created for this form of dance-narrative. Someone suggested that Mr. Tudor had simply made a new version of Bandello's and Da Porto's sixteenth century novellas, as they in turn had rewoven Masuccio's fifteenth century romance. With this I cannot agree because to me Mr. Tudor's ballet is the essence of Shakespeare, a distillation full of fragrance. The lines seem to sing themselves in the dancers' steps.

The play's action is carefully followed; the street brawl, the ball, the lover's meeting—even the balcony scene. Here dance yields to pantomime and the lovers remain quiescent and rapt while movement is transferred to other young couples who are stealing happy converse in the moonlight. There follows the marriage by Friar Lawrence, the parting at dawn, a vivid transcription of the death of Mercutio and Tybalt and Juliet's despair as she is being clothed for bridal with Paris, which Markova makes one of her great moments. Juliet's burial is an elaborated pageant; in the tomb she awakes before Romeo dies. Her death comes swiftly, with her back to the audience, and she falls beside the bier on which Romeo is lying; an arrangement which seems less satisfying than the traditional one. Mr. Tudor may have thought that it was only fair to Romeo to give him deathly prominence, since of all planetary parts, Romeo's is apt to give the least radiance. The setting by Eugene Berman is one of the most beautiful ever seen in a theater. A renaissance frame, firmly architectural and formal in design after the manner of the early Italian stage, a palace enclosing three sides of a piazza and above it a sky which has the luminous blue of a Veronese evening. Curtains are drawn by costumed attendants when the piazza is to be transformed into Juliet's chamber. The balcony is the loggia of the palace. Juliet appears in the center, but it is too far backstage to do full justice to Markova's exquisite gestures.

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Those who look askance at "Romeo and Juliet" as a ballet consider the set too important. It is true that Mr. Berman's background might dwarf inferior artists, but my personal preference is for the décor to take equal rank with the music. The music for "Romeo and Juliet," by the way, is excerpts from Delius, an English composer of the last century, arranged by the conductor, Dorati, which at times seem completely inadequate. The costuming by Berman is as near perfection as his set. When Juliet first appears, she seems to have floated out of a Botticelli. But, of course, that is partly because she is Markova. Like Mary Garden's Melisande, Markova's Juliet is a lyrical creation. She is so purely impassioned that, as always, poor Romeo, though danced by Laing, becomes a secondary figure. Orloff's Mercutio, in mercurial red, is more vivid; if he cannot tell of his elfin intimacy, it seems implicit in his character. Paris is given both elegance and sincerity by Reed; Lucia Chase preserves the full tradition of the Nurse and Tudor himself is a towering Tybalt.

For those who are Shakespeare-hungry, "Romeo and Juliet" is as refreshing as the miniature of a friend. It is a cameo in which the proportions are accurate. For the incipient stage director it can be a guide for the balancing of the values in the longer spoken production. It may also be an incentive to the theater as well as a presage of a further development along dramatic lines for the ballet. In any case, Markova, virginal in strength, as an actress, as a dancer, evanescent but sure and precise as a spondee, has created a Juliet which seems closest to the poet's heart.

The Dance

By **Albert Eisele**

JIMMY McLANE was eighteen, and his heart was broken. Emma Gales had jilted him. Jimmy had had only one date with Emma, just one. Last Sunday he had taken her to a pleasant evening at the movies. He really was a bashful boy, one whose lips had been kissed only by the wild strawberries that grew in the upland fence-rows of his father's farm.

And tonight he was getting ready to play for a dance in the Amber Lake pavilion. A group of players in the town's brass band had organized a six-piece dance orchestra, and Jimmy had been chosen for trombone. Although he had been playing only two years, Jimmy really was a fine trombonist. He played precisely, and he also played the instrument sensibly. He had an innate sense for rhythm and he practiced assiduously: he practiced evenings after supper and when all the chores had been done—in the quiet of the countryside the voice of the trombone carried far, like some huge horn of elfland, and people from the adjoining township sometimes said to Jimmy: "Last night I could hear you play on your trombone."

Of course he didn't feel at all like playing tonight, even if they were playing at the Amber Lake pavilion. This was the most impressive engagement which they had ever had. Up to now they had played only in small dance halls or large barns. But today Jimmy had gotten a letter from Emma saying that she couldn't give him a date next Sunday evening because it was already taken, and all the Sunday nights following were taken, too. "There's a reason!" her letter ended. The reason, Jimmy knew, was Matthew Becker, who had been his erstwhile rival. And now Matthew had won out. Matthew was a neighbor boy, a big, coarse-grained fellow, boastful and noisy; he danced like a horse with one front leg over the neckyoke, but just the same he had won out. A really sensible girl wouldn't have given Matthew a second look. Why did Emma favor him? Maybe she lacked discernment. Maybe she didn't have too much gray matter to go with her blue eyes and her fair skin. Maybe Jimmy had been saved from himself. Well, he probably would forget her in time. But just now it all hurt very much.

Presently a car swung into the yard of the McLane home. It was Billy Grant, the orchestra's violinist and leader, and also the official booking agent. He was on his way to the pavilion, which was some fifteen miles distant, and had stopped to pick up Jimmy.

"The sky doesn't look very good," said Jimmy, nodding toward the northwest.

"I sure hope it doesn't storm!" said Billy. "This is our first chance to play in the pavilion, and we want to make good!"

The setting sun was blanketed with a bank of clouds and flashes of lightning showed far in the background. The fields of oats, fully headed but not yet ripened, shone in the shadowed evening with a bluish sheen.

"How are we playing tonight, on a percentage?" asked Jimmy.

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"Right. We get one-third of the gate. We'll make out pretty good, too. Providing it doesn't storm."

"Somebody told me that we got this date only because another orchestra had canceled out. Is that true?"

"I don't know," said Billy. "We got it on short notice, I do know that. But what's the difference—we're playing at the pavilion, aren't we?"

"Yes. It was Joe Kessel who was telling me. He's always the cynic. He said that the other orchestra canceled out because the date was too close after the Fourth. He said that the first dance at the pavilion following the Fourth was never any good, because people were all danced out for about a week after the Fourth."

"Don't worry. We'll have a crowd tonight."

The evening air was motionless, and from the roadside the first katydids could be heard above the motor's purr. After the day's intense heat the corn was coming to life and unfurling itself to the utmost: here and there in the gathering darkness individual corn leaves lifted themselves into the air like giant snakes on the alert.

"Gosh, I hope it doesn't storm and spoil everything!" Billy Grant kept repeating.

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They turned into the road that skirted the lake and that led to the pavilion. The pavilion was part of a resort assembly that included a bathing beach, picnic grounds, cottages, a rink, a small casino and a ball diamond.

They drew up at the pavilion. The place was deserted. In a few minutes more the other four orchestra members arrived in another car. The six boys then got out and took their instruments inside and put them on the platform. The empty pavilion echoed and reechoed to the thunderclaps of the approaching storm. The incessant lightning illumined the adjacent lake, the waters of which were becoming choppy with a rising wind that was sweeping away all the sultriness and heat of the earlier day.

The boys coolly ignored the elements and began setting up their paraphernalia. Jimmy oiled his trombone, Eddie Winston arranged his traps and John Haas laid out his various mutes for cornet, placing them within easy reach about his chair and under his music stand. John had a great weakness for mutes. He had about a dozen now, and had ordered six more.

"I'd throw those things away," said Eddie Winston, nodding his head toward the mutes. "Who ever heard of Caruso singing with a carrot in his mouth?"

"I like subdued tones," said John. "I don't like loud noises." A fearful thunderclap seemed to add emphasis to his assertion.

The floor manager appeared, greeted the boys, chatted for a minute, then began dropping some wide and barn-like doors down over the screened openings that faced the west and north. Those to the south he left uncovered, and it was just as the storm broke that a car swung in to the southern shelter of the pavilion and parked. "Look!" whispered Billy Grant to Jimmy, "—somebody has come to our dance!"

The wind shook the pavilion, the thunder rolled and the rain came down in sheets. There was a smattering of hail, and then the rain slackened, the thunderbolts no longer crackled directly overhead, and at last there were only the flashes of the receding lightning that revealed the pools of water that stood everywhere on the resort grounds.

"About five inches of rain and five hundred rods of lightning!" commented John Haas.

"I'd rather have it five hundred lightning rods," said Eddie Winston.

"Shucks fellows," said Billy Grant, "this'll dry up quicker than a fresh-laid egg and we'll have a crowd yet!"

"This rain'll make the corn come, but not a dance crowd," said Jimmy McLane.

"Crowd or no crowd, we're going to start playing!" said Billy. "The music must always go on, you know. We'll start with number seven. Everybody got it?"

And so the tumult of the elements was supplanted by the tumult of reed and string, brass and concussion. And the music had little more than begun when a couple stepped out on the floor and began to dance. It was Matthew Becker and Emma Gales.

Jimmy McLane, when he saw the couple, dropped one of his trombone notes and played another one flat. So that's whose car it was that had rolled up to the pavilion just before the storm broke! Matthew Becker had followed the orchestra for fifteen miles, and for what? Just so he could flaunt Emma in Jimmy's face! In Jimmy's heart anger now competed with anguish—anger at the thought that this big clodhopper had taken Emma from him, and anguish because—well, anguish because he had lost her. He knew that Emma was not the girl that was meant for him, but nevertheless the anguish was there.

The music paused for a moment; the dancers paused also, and Matthew clapped his big hands together in furious applause while his face gleamed like a plowshare freshly lifted from the furrow to the spring sunlight. The floor manager came up and collected Matthew's ticket. That meant ten cents. The orchestra's share would be one-third. The music struck up again and finished the number, at which Matthew escorted Emma to a seat and then sat down beside her.

This was terrible. This was like playing for

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a rural wedding dance, where the opening number was always reserved exclusively for the bride and the groom. To Jimmy it seemed that Matthew and Emma were already married, that this was their wedding day and this their wedding dance, and that the triumphant groom had reduced his erstwhile rival to the playing for the dance.

"Number five," announced Billy Grant. And so the orchestra played number five in the dance folio, and again it was a bridal dance, with Emma the bride and Matthew the groom. Jimmy looked at the bridegroom's big feet. Matthew's mother had once told Jimmy's mother that when Matthew was a boy and when button shoes were in vogue he always had to have the buttons set over whenever he got new shoes—"as far over as they'll go," she added. Well, it was a wonder that he didn't have to have special shoes made.

The orchestra played a third number, a fourth, a fifth and a sixth. And always it was a bridal dance for Matthew and his lovely bride. Jimmy prayed for a second couple to appear—any couple, from anywhere. But the floor seemed to exist for Matthew alone. Gradually Jimmy got the idea that there wasn't room for a second couple, that a second couple would spoil the picture: that a dance floor was just like an anvil—on an anvil it was impractical to have more than one blacksmith, on a dance floor it was impractical to have more than one couple.

He asked himself—what did Matthew have that he, Jimmy, didn't? He remembered how on an autumn day both were plowing, each on his father's farm, with the line fence running between them. A large flock of sea gulls appeared and began following Jimmy's plow, where the gulls feasted on the worms and bugs exposed in the new-turned earth. So many gulls there were that they whitened the furrow and filled the air with their exultant and belligerent cries. Suddenly the entire flock flew away and began following Matthew's plow. Jimmy tried desperately to lure the flock back. He set the furrow deeper, that the plow might throw up new and rare bugs and grubs. Flecks of foam began to appear under the harness pads of the laboring horses. But it was the furrow behind Matthew's plow that continued to foam with the gulls; it was the air behind Matthew's furrow that continued to be hung with wings.

Another dance number ended, and now Matthew and Emma left the pavilion and walked toward the casino.

The two stayed in the casino while the orchestra played a number to an empty floor, then they came to their car and went home. And now, to Jimmy, the music had the sound of a threshing machine running empty for the want of sheaves. The other players, too, were beginning to acknowledge the facts. All evening they had played as if to a floor crowded with a hundred couples. But now the bravado was being dropped.

"Let's stop playing and go out and find an orchard," said John Haas. "The harvest apples should be ripe."

"When you play to an empty floor," said Eddie Winston, "you should be blind, and deaf, and have more guts than a packing-house."

"It's been a good practice, anyway," said Billy Grant.

They sat there and let the intermission drag on. Then the floor manager appeared: "Sorry, boys, but I guess you struck a bad night. That storm came at just exactly the wrong hour. A storm like that always keeps the crowd away."

"We're taking it as it comes!" said Billy Grant cheerfully.

"There were nine tickets," said the manager. "Ninety cents. That's thirty cents for you boys," and he gave Billy Grant thirty cents. The players packed their instruments and left. The manager switched off the lights, and now the pavilion was dark and deserted.

"Well boys," said Billy Grant, "let's divide the jackpot. Thirty cents—six into thirty goes five times. A nickel apiece!"

"Oh, for gosh sakes keep my nickel!" said Eddie Winston. "Buy music with it, or something!"

"Business is business!" said Billy, and he insisted on dividing the thirty cents, giving each player a nickel. Then they all went home.

And when Jimmy was home he took his nickel, and he placed it under a lamp and looked at it. This coin was a token payment for a lost love. This coin was all that was left from an evening that had weighed so heavily upon his heart. This coin came from Matthew Becker, who had paid, and gladly, for the pleasure of dancing with his bride. Jimmy might have spent this coin for a candy bar, which he could have got there at the casino. He might have choked to death on the candy bar—a fitting end, to be sure, and a death which would have caused Emma remorse for the rest of her life.

He looked at the coin, and turned it over, and suddenly it became a cynosure and he saw it for what it really was. He bestirred himself and went downstairs and outdoors. Now he knew what to do, and already he was feeling better.

The skies were starry, and there was no sign of the storm of the earlier evening. On the night air was the smell of sweet clover in blossom. In the little pasture not far way he saw the grazing horses move slowly, like ghosts—as the summer advanced the nights became more and more ghostly.

Now he crooked his index finger around the nickel and threw the coin, as hard as he could, into the grove. He heard a slight filliping sound among the leaves. . . .

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Communications

MISSION TO MOSCOW

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Joseph E. Davies's "Mission to Moscow" which is the bible of many American communists and of quite a number of amateur liberals, is as much distorted, misunderstood and as carelessly read as our own Bible.

I have read "Mission to Moscow" and find no attempt in this book to place any laurels on Soviet Russia. This is borne out by the following extracts from the book:

> The Comintern. Contacts with the world revolutionary movement in other capitalist countries are now considered by the Soviet officials to be of very vital consequence to the Soviet Union as agencies for military defense.
>
> There is one situation where a very serious issue might develop. That is the possible intrusion of the USSR through the Comintern into the local affairs of the US. Recent developments, however, make it clear that the Comintern will not be abandoned.
>
> Millions of people in the country, however, are not working in the fields in which they desire to be employed, and although regularly employed, are in a much worse status than those in the US employed with relief funds.
>
> The killing of political offenders began in 1934 and has progressed with horrifying speed.
>
> The Terror. Purge. To a democratic mind, it appears to be inevitable that the tyranny on life and liberty exercised by the secret police, who reach down into all classes of society and whisk men away from family and friends, without any protection against possible injustice, must overthrow any régime, in the long run.
>
> No physical betterment of living standards could possibly compensate for the utter destruction of the liberty of thought and speech, and the sanctity of the individual.
>
> The Politburo, consisting of 11 members, is a kind of board of directors. It runs the party and government. These organizations do the will of Stalin. There is obviously no "opposition." If it makes its appearance, it is promptly "liquidated."
>
> Every effort is being made to substitute worship of a man or men for the worship of God. It is one of the greatest weaknesses of this situation.
>
> The archprotector of the masses, "Father Stalin," is being constantly extolled. Communism has been drilled into all from childhood as a religion.
>
> The court martial and execution of the *eleven leading army generals* in July, 1937, the terrific "purge and terror" that proceeded throughout the summer, resulted in the liquidation of thousands of Soviet citizens, including both the high and the low in the Communist Party.
>
> The Terror here is a horrifying fact. Once the person is taken away, nothing of him or her is known for months—and many times never—thereafter.
>
> Evidence of these conditions comes from many sources. In one instance a struggling unfortunate being was arrested and torn from his 11-year old child on the street in front of an adjoining apartment house at 3:30 a.m.
>
> It is commonly alleged that the secret police of the proletarian dictatorship are as ruthless and as cruel as any during the old tsarist régimes. It seems to be an old Russian custom.

I also saw the Hollywood version of "Mission to Moscow." It is unlike the book. Earl Browder could not have written a better scenario or finer communist propaganda. It approves of the Stalin pact with Hitler,

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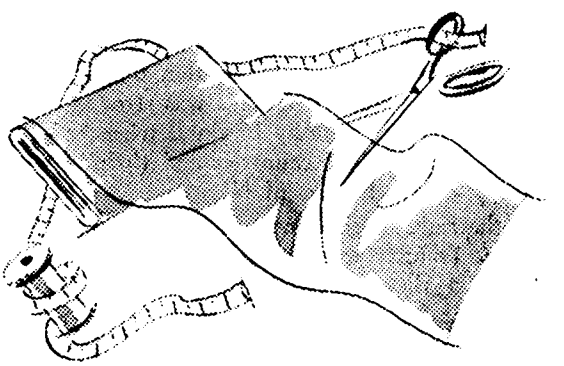

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the invasion of Finland, the "purge" of many very prominent communists and the Soviet secret police system.

It justifies Stalin's pact with Hitler upon the ground that the British erred or sinned in appeasing Hitler at Munich. But it was perfectly proper for Stalin to appease Hitler at Poland. Many of us still remember the anxiety of England, before the invasion and partition of Poland, to make a military alliance with Stalin and that England then had a military commission in Moscow for the purpose of making the alliance. Stalin nevertheless decided to deal with his worst enemy, Hitler. England knew then what Hitler stood for and so did Stalin. Yet Stalin made a pact with Hitler and not with Great Britain, France, Poland and the Baltic states. Stalin also agreed to the invasion and partition of Poland while England and France, although thoroughly unprepared, went to the defense of Poland. The Hitler threats and contempt of Stalin before the Stalin-Hitler alliance or appeasement pact did not seem to annoy Stalin at all. Yet the error of the British at Munich was an unpardonable sin.

On the question of the invasion of Finland, the picture states boldly that Russia was in need of the Finnish territory and should have had it because it was willing to give Finland some other land in return. Since when has any country a right to the territory and population of a neighboring nation, large or small, simply because it might need such territory? The original communist explanation was that Finland attacked Russia and Stalin merely acted in self-defense. The author of the movie also seemed to have forgotten that the sacredness of the territory of small nations was stressed at the very beginning of the picture by Litvinoff when he was shown pleading for the weak countries and their boundaries at a meeting of the League of Nations.

On the right of the Soviet police to invade homes and embassies (similar to the German Gestapo), the picture pointed out that law-abiding people need not fear the wire tappers and secret police; consequently the Gestapo was wrong in Germany but perfectly proper in Soviet Russia. This statement with reference to the Soviet wire tapping and the secret police in Russia was applauded by a good many members of the audience. The appearance of Stalin in the picture was also frequently applauded by the audience. . . .

The movie also spent considerable time showing one of the famous Russian treason trials. It presented some of the finest brains of the Soviet, after imprisonment for a considerable time, freely admitting many treasonable acts and thereby assuring the death penalty for each defendant, yet each defendant freely and cheerfully "confessed." Each defendant spoke to the whole nation through a microphone. The court room scene was Hollywood's best.

The movie justly takes a shot at our former isolationists. The author, however, forgot that prior to June 22, 1941, the American communist was, directly and indirectly, collaborating with the isolationists and nazis in the United States. Browder and Kuhn were then doing the same job. In France and England, the communists were guilty of the same disloyalties between the time of the Stalin-Hitler pact and its repudiation by Hitler.

Of course, from a military standpoint, we are happy to have Russia as our ally. Whether we are more helpful to them in the war than they are to us need not be decided now. Every military addition to the allied strength will undoubtedly shorten this terrible war; but it is hardly necessary that we should also love Stalin, his judicial and political system and his international diplomacy; nor are we obliged, because of our military alliance, to encourage the spreading of communist propaganda in our country to be gobbled up by gullible youngsters and amateur philosophers. The communists will have to pardon us if we cannot place Jefferson and Stalin on the same pedestal and if we believe that all dictators are more or less alike.

NATHAN D. SHAPIRO.

"CELESTIAL HOMESPUN"

Westminster, Md.

TO the Editors: It seems that when I was handing Mrs. Burton what I thought were orchids, she felt that I had given her a black eye. That was not my intention; I meant to praise her book. If I said that hers was the novelist's method, I also specifically stated that she had documentary basis to go upon.

I thought that the issue of "Americanism" might have been dealt with, even though it did not arise during Father Hecker's lifetime, because it was (at least in part) precipitated by a too free French translation of Father Elliott's biography. If I suggested that she avoided it on "expert advice," I am sorry. No harm was meant.

But because I am challenged, I am reluctantly forced to justify myself. Mrs. Burton appears to think that mistakes are of little consequence. Well, I agree that too much may be made of them; and I am still willing to be indulgent. But there are, after all, a great many mistakes in her book. As I open it again, my eye lights on several I did not mention in my review: Emerson's wife was named Lidian, not "Lidion"; Hecker's nickname at Brook Farm was "Ernest the Seeker," not "Isaac the Seeker." (Oddly enough, Mrs. Burton knows that "Ernest the Seeker" was the title of a story by W. H. Channing in the *Dial*.) The Episcopalian church in New York which Hecker thought of joining had as its pastor Mr. Haight. Mrs. Burton names him correctly on pages 81 and 82; but on page 77 she calls him "Mr. Knight." (I know why; it looked like that in the letter in the Paulist archives consulted by her.) To call the little English town of "Great Marlow"—usually it is simply Marlow—"Great Marlowe" is certainly no very serious blunder, and it may well have been so spelled in the letter she copied. But to confuse the "theory of Communion" with communism is a bad "boner." For this was the theory, as derived by Brownson from Leroux and modified by him, that led both Brownson and Hecker into the Catholic Church.

Let me take at random some of the things which called

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out the indulgence I showed and which Mrs. Burton so indignantly rejects. The words she makes Ripley say in conversation to Hecker on page 72 were written to Brownson by Ripley. They belong, moreover, to 1842, not to 1843. On page 99 we have Thoreau saying to Hecker in 1844 what Thoreau had written to Brownson in 1837. And a passage of reflection in Hecker's diary on page 102 is used as though it were part of a conversation between himself and Thoreau. That is as far as I have gone; perhaps it is as far as I need go. In each instance the source drawn upon by Mrs. Burton was perfectly accurate; but I think it is evident that there has been some manipulation.

However, I still say I do not object; I am still going to be indulgent. No doubt the essential truth is preserved. But in face of all this I do not see how Mrs. Burton can claim that she never takes liberties with her material.

Finally: I did not call Mrs. Burton's method of biography "possibly distressing or even offensive." What I actually wrote was: "This method of biography may be somewhat distressing, or even offensive, to some people." I give her three guesses as to the "some people" I had in mind. The whole point of my review was that Mrs. Burton's style of biography is not only in my opinion permissible but (so far as the general reader is concerned) perhaps even preferable to biography of the formal variety. I quote the last sentence of my review—at least a bunch of violets if not orchids—"Perhaps only by the use of a fictional method—though one based upon certain fact—could the inner truth about this very remarkable man be told." I hope her book will have the wide circulation it deserves and that the shiner she thinks I have given her will soon disappear. THEODORE MAYNARD.

The Screen

Native Land

NOT since "Grapes of Wrath" has such a powerful social document come out of Hollywood as *"The Ox-Bow Incident."* There are cinema critics who say that movies should go in for entertainment, not propaganda. With them I do not agree. While "The Ox-Bow Incident" could never be called entertainment, it will hold you spellbound from its beginning that shows two men riding into a small Arizona cow town one day in 1885, to its very last shot which shows these same two men riding out of town on the next day. That one day reveals one of the most heinous injustices ever committed in an American community. The town hears that Kinkaid, a rancher, has been killed and his cattle stolen. The cowboys and ranchers gather to avenge the wrongs. In spite of the protests of a few law-abiding citizens, a deputy sheriff makes a posse out of this lawless, angry mob. The mob overtakes three strangers, one of whom says he *bought* the cattle from Kinkaid; another, a Mexican, says he *found* Kinkaid's gun which he is carrying; the third is a confused, senile old man. The strangers' alibis are hopeless against the mean mob's revengeful mood. The three men are hanged. As the posse rides away, they meet the sheriff who tells them that Kinkaid was only wounded and the real rustlers have been captured. The posse returns to town, each man with his own conscience.

This is indeed grim fare for the movies, but because the story is so interesting and the acting so good, the film becomes doubly valuable as a tract against lynching. Lamar Trotti, who produced, wrote the script from Walter Van Tilburg Clark's novel and was faithful to the original. William A. Wellman has given the stark drama excellent direction. He does not prettify his actors. They portray men in their baser aspects. The posse are hard and cruel; one man is a sadist; another a moron; another a weakling hungry for assertion. Opposing the mob are: a storekeeper who pleads to the end for a fair trial for the strangers, a Negro who had seen his own brother lynched, two cowboys who realize that a crime is being committed. Throughout the film, the entire cast is excellent: Henry Fonda, Henry Morgan, Anthony Quinn, Dana Andrews, Jane Darwell, Harry Davenport, Frank Conroy, Leigh Whipper, Paul Hurst, Marc Lawrence.

One complaint against "The Ox-Bow Incident" is the minor episode in which the condemned Mexican "goes to confession" to another layman because no priest is present. The sincerity with which this sequence is acted might convey a false impression to audiences who do not realize that the Catholic Church does not consider such a practice sacramental. The rest of the film, however, cannot be praised too highly for its arguments against lynching and mob rule. Your throat will be as dry as Fonda's as he reads the farewell letter from one of the lynched strangers. The mob stands at the bar in the saloon. They need the drinks they are drinking as they contemplate what they've done and hear Fonda read that man cannot take the law into his own hands, man cannot be civilized without a conscience.

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"This Land Is Mine" tackles again the problem of the behavior of citizens in occupied countries. Dudley Nichols's well-written script says some exceedingly important things about the subject—things that the war movies have not often singled out: the confusion of the middle classes in the countries overrun by nazis; the difficulty of being a hero when one is starving; the inherent dignity of man; the truth that cannot be destroyed by a lying enemy no matter how many people they kill; the fascist hatred of unions; education under the fascists; the importance of sabotage in these times of sacrifice; and even, in warning to Americans, black markets and the danger on the part of safe people in free countries of being smug about the collaborationists.

All this is interesting and well-stated in Nichols's screenplay. But perhaps he should have written a long poem or a stage play, for as cinema "This Land Is Mine" falters. In the first place its locale is never named. The action occurs vaguely "somewhere in Europe"; the people have no native characteristics; English is spoken and read; the costumes are American adaptations. The theatrical effect throughout is heightened by the use of over-dramatic lighting which tends to give a feeling of play-acting to the whole, even to the most sincere speeches. It is particularly in the direction that this film fails to achieve its purpose. Jean Renoir, the well-known French director, seems to be striving to make his cast under-play or over-play every scene.

Charles Laughton and Una O'Connor are called upon to portray an Oedipus situation which both dramatize for all that's in it. When Laughton later drops his cowardly Caspar Milquetoast, silver-cordish characteristics to become the hero of the day and give a ringing farewell speech to his townsfolk in the courtroom (he is on trial for the murder of a man who committed suicide), his fine patriotic utterances lack conviction. Maureen O'Hara plays the beautiful school teacher who is loved by Laughton and by George Sanders. Sanders portrays a collaborationist who informs on Maureen's brother, a valiant saboteur (Kent Smith). Walter Slezak gives an excellent performance as the nazi major. And in smaller rôles, Philip Merivale as a professor writing for the underground newspaper, and George Coulouris as the prosecuting attorney are particularly effective. We applaud "This Land Is Mine" for its honest statements about conditions in occupied countries, deplore its theatrical use of cinema.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

European Cartels

By HEINRICH KRONSTEIN

ONE OF the authors of "Germany's Master Plan,"* Joseph Borkin, is a good friend of mine, with whom I work daily, a man of great merit and one of the chief economic advisors to Thurman Arnold. He had vast stores of material at his disposal. He and his co-author are excellent writers. An unfortunate circumstance, however, has made him a victim of the black-white fallacy: he believes in an historical process by secret conspiracies, which last through decades or even centuries. No wonder, then, that he has discovered such a conspiracy to be responsible for this war. In his opinion the German people have lived up to a plan for 20 years (p. 1), or since 1914 (p. 6), or since the beginning of German history (p. 7). The contents of this plan are not described substantially; however, he finds a general denominator for them in the cartel, and its continuing aim has always to do with world domination.

I do not take issue with Borkin's historical philosophy, or with his special application of this philosophy. I do not take issue with many of his allegations, for instance, his statements about Fritz Haber's alleged cooperation with the army in 1908, or the history of the German dyestuff industry, etc. I do not take issue with Borkin's belief that Hitler and his general staff used the monopoly and the cartel device in the preparation of the war, because I believe he is right, but I take issue with him in his oversimplification of the European cartel problem. I am compelled so to do for the following reasons:

1. The cartel problem is one of the most important of our time. A wrong conception of the cartel system will have devastating effects on the conclusions we draw therefrom with regard to the future international trade policy of the United States.

2. A mistaken view of the function and aim of European cartels will have a devastating effect on our peace aims.

The intra-European cartels, which were almost all German-controlled, since the bulk of industrial facilities on the European continent are in Germany, were, in Borkin's view, only a means the Germans used to dominate the whole of Europe. How can he explain the fact that such countries as France, Poland, Denmark repeatedly advocated cartels as the only solution for European economic problems? The only country which expressed some doubt was England. Were all the representatives of small European countries just fools and dupes of the cartel conspiracy? We read on page 17 of Borkin's book: "The softest impeachment that can be made of them is that they knew not what they did." Did all these statesmen, some of whom were socialists and some leading capitalists, not realize what Borkin realizes, that "German-controlled cartels are at all times the servants of German interests and that their loyalty to Germany was undivided"?

We can only hope to explain what underlies such sweeping statements if we first clearly establish what a cartel is. Nothing is more dangerous for any discussion and nothing opens the way more surely to misunderstanding than an uncertainty in the conceptions signified by the terms used. Let us state first what a cartel is *not*. A license agreement is not a cartel; it may be a means of securing a cartel. A subsidiary-parent relationship is not a cartel; again, it may be a means of securing a cartel. Any understanding between a number of firms which does not work positively toward eventual regulating of, or otherwise interfering with, the market is not a cartel. A "trust" or "concern" is not a cartel. A cartel is a combination between two or more enterprises to regulate the quantity and quality of

*J. Borkin. Duell. $2.75.

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goods to be produced, the prices to be paid, the conditions of delivery to be required and the markets to be supplied. The scope of the organization of a cartel is somewhere between the scope of a partnership and the scope of a state agency. A cartel is one of the two basic forms of a monopoly. The other form is a concern or single enterprise able to regulate, or at least to lead, the market. One of the reasons why Borkin came to his mistaken view of the cartel is the inconsistency of his definition, which we find in an annotation to page 12: "A cartel means a combination or agreement . . . Most cartels of the modern type are trusts which govern whole fields of technology through patents, know-how, or control of facilities." If conceptions mean anything in political, economic or scientific discussions, a trust is not a cartel. A trust is not a combination, and the statements in the first sentence that the cartel is an "agreement" and in the second sentence that "most cartels are trusts" are inconsistent.

What could have induced European statesmen to salute the idea of European cartels as a road to salvation? Europe is a relatively small continent. Europe is just as much or even more an economic entity as other continents. The Holy Roman Empire gave political form to this economic order. Nationalism tragically destroyed the old traditional order and established 28 sovereign states. All these states were based on the national idea and on the unfortunate philosophy that states must be totalitarian in their potential activities (sovereign). This potential totalitarianism of the modern European state led to the conviction that every state must have its own production in almost every field. It is obvious that such states in their entire conception were destructive of European and of their own moral life. A system of protective tariffs, subsidies, political favors to the favored industrialists, and economic favors to favored politicians, became the symbols of European politics.

However, an existing entity cannot be altogether destroyed. The old traditional European order broke through in the most paradoxical way, as long as actual warfare did not make it impossible. Even the most sovereign-minded government could not avoid asking powerful foreign concerns, with large markets protected by patent monopoly, to establish plants to serve the "national" interest of the inviting government as against the country of the invited concern's origin. The invitation extended to foreign concerns was an admission that the economic unity of Europe existed. Independent national producers could survive only by joining the European combination of producers, the cartel, giving themselves a share in the European market or in the overseas market open to Europe.

The intra-European cartel was a substitute for the nonexisting political order. No substitute is good, especially not if the price to be paid is as high as it was here. In practice, political governments yielded a good deal of their authority over foreign and domestic policy to private hands; but the governments of Denmark, Poland, Czechoslovakia and France believed in this substitute as the only way to maintain their sovereignty. Germany's position up to the end of the twenties was relatively so weak that she put her faith in the same "life preserver," which has been used in Germany and in all other parts of Europe for the most varying purposes since at least 1880.*

The European explosion, which actually occurred in 1933, was to a certain extent a result of the impossible European situation arising out of the fact that the "European order" was managed by private interests while the governments of all European countries became increasingly powerless representatives of the proud idea of sovereignty.

Inter-continental cartels are quite different from the intra-European cartels in cause, purpose and organization. We can distinguish between two basic types: the cartel in the field of production and the cartel in the field of raw material. Only in a few cases has one country, or even one continent alone, a world monopoly in the field of finished products, while in the raw material field that happens quite often. Europe has only a few such absolute or even relative raw material monopolies. One of them was mercury. Latin America, partly in itself, partly in company with the United States and parts of the British and Dutch empires, has many such absolute or relative raw material monopolies: e.g., copper, tin, tungsten, molybdenum and nickel. Russia and Canada control 75 per cent of the world's platinum, while South Africa and Colombia control the rest. In almost all these cases Europe was subject to combinations of the "few" in control. Almost all of them used the cartel device to avoid over-production, thus keeping prices at a relatively high level in the middle of a terrible depression which forced all other prices down. The effect on the purchaser countries has been terrific.

In the field of production Europe, and especially Germany, was much more often the organizer of manufacturing cartels and other forms of monopoly, yet in many cases she was subject to cartels organized elsewhere. Readers of Borkin's book will find ten chapters on the chemical industry, seven chapters of general discussion and only one single case (the optical industry) in which the control of an entire industry is at issue, while in the other cases only certain articles are affected. The simple reason is that the chemical industry supplies the most instances in which Germany was the commander of the inter-continental cartels. The electrical cartels are very much under American influence, i.e., in the fields of radio, records, lamps and telephones. The automobile industry, the lock and key industry, the office machine and shoe machine industries as well as the agricultural machinery industry, are all American monopolies based on patents and trademarks and all the other devices used by cartels.

As soon as one country or a group of countries realizes that they are the only producers of certain material, they band together to find out how they can regulate the market, effective ways to exploit other countries, and their own countries. For this purpose they divide markets, they restrict production, they establish pools in which products are stored until they can be sold at higher prices, and so on.

Each country is inclined to speak only of the cases in which it is a victim of the agreements of others, and not a partner thereto. Every country tries to shake itself free from being a victim of, or subject to, such understandings;

* Compare my article in the June and October, 1942, issues of *Chicago Law Review*.

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therefore countries with a strong manufacturing industry try to find artificial substitutes for the raw materials of which they are deprived by the "understanding." Countries in control of certain raw materials try to find ways of substituting them for manufactured products. High tariffs prohibit the import of such competitive goods as soon as the manufacturing or substituting process is a success. The raw material producers find it to their interest to raise the price of the raw material in the whole world to such an extent that the artificial producer finds an opportunity in the market also. That was what happened in a great number of relationships between German and American industries before 1933.

The development of the inter-continental cartels finally became a political fact of tremendous importance. While intra-European cartels were mostly brought into being by political facts, inter-continental cartels established political facts. They determine the sphere of influence each country has. They divide Latin America and other parts of the world between themselves. The necessary effect is that political governments are called upon to consider certain parts of the world as "fields of their interest" and certain other parts as territories outside of their sphere. Governments become subservient to private decisions all over the world. Every time one of these cartels broke down, a warlike situation arose between private monopoly groups, in which the governments immediately found themselves involved.

Since natural law is no longer considered the rule of our lives, the only principle which exists is that victory goes to the strong. Which among existing factors of strength actually is the cause or effect of this development often remains a matter of doubt. Certainly the development of the international cartels indicated here is one of the causes of the world catastrophe. More we cannot say.

The greater the number of independent people who influence economic life, the more difficult it is for a dictator to get control of a nation. The greater the number of independent people who participate in the economic world contest, the more difficult it is for a dictator of one nation to organize his territory for total war. The greater the number of independent people who live in every country, the more difficult it is for a nation to swallow up other nations, even after they are militarily conquered. As soon as Hitler came to power and his general staff began to prepare for war, the cartels and other forms of monopoly in the market became an excellent basis for an economy devoted to rearmament. Influence in intra-European and inter-continental cartels became an excellent means of collecting information, controlling the actual production of other nations and preparing for the overthrow of their governments and for military conquest. Other partners in these cartels were often not too unhappy, since the rearmament of Germany increased production and raised prices. For instance, in the steel industry the Belgians and French were very anxious to remain in the cartel after German rearmament began, so as to participate in the profits. The policy of making agreement between the German producers of artificial products and the people in control of the equivalent raw material became a special type of cartel policy. In these cases the hope of the producers of the raw material was to get more for their goods in their own countries, or in the countries outside the influence of the artificial producer. They knew the significance of the artificial products for rearmament, but they expected that this rearmament would not be used against them but against other people—if indeed, they gave thought to anything other than to business.

Cartels are not limited to one single country nor to one single political system. Senator LaFollette expressed himself as follows: "I am very anxious that the reader of this record shall not get the impression that the horrendous, horrific aspects of this thing are due alone to Hitler. It is inherent in the monopoly disease. That is my point. Of course, I do not want to be misunderstood. Anybody who gets power will utilize whatever devices are at hand, but the point is that these world-wide monopolies grow up under democratic control in all countries."

Cartels are the modern form of world business. They have an immense influence on the fate of every human being, whether he be in the United States, in China, or in Europe. We have not yet found the means to control cartels or other forms of monopoly. Certainly we have not found a system to get rid of them.

I am certain that Borkin will not disagree with me in my final conclusions and that he will give all his thought to a constructive solution of the problem. It is high time to come to an end of the negative discussion. We see the end of Hitler's terror coming nearer every day. So here is our chance to make a new start in dealing with the monopoly problem. The world is aware of the danger. The highest spiritual leaders of the nations discuss it explicitly. The Archbishop of Canterbury recently called it one of the crucial problems of the world. In his Christmas message Pope Pius XII told us the following:

> That social life, as God willed it, may attain its scope it needs a juridical order to support it from without, to defend and protect it; the function of this juridical order is not to dominate but to serve, to help the development and increase the society's vitality in the rich multiplicity of its ends, leading all the individual energies to their perfection in peaceful competition and defending them with appropriate and honest means against all that may militate against their full evolution.

The Pope has given us his warning with regard to the problem of the "control" of the monopoly by the statement:

> Whether this slavery arises from the exploitation of private capital or from the power of the State, the result is the same. Indeed, under the pressure of a State which dominates all the controls of the whole fields of public and private life, even going into the realm of ideas and beliefs and of conscience, this lack of liberty can have the more serious consequences, as experience shows and proves.

The minds of the best men are necessary to help us steer between Scylla and Charybdis. We know that the essential condition of finding our way is to subordinate ourselves to the principles of the natural law. Then we

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may find means to compel our neighbor to do likewise. We cannot hope to find salvation so long as we try to destroy evil only in the society of our enemy.

Editors' Choice

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS. *Eve Curie. Doubleday.* $3.50.

THE AMAZON. *Caryl P. Haskins. Doubleday.* $4.00.
BRAZIL IN THE MAKING. *José Jobim. Macmillan.* $3.50.

The Same World Only Different

WE ARE tired of saying "Another book by a foreign correspondent" or "another book by an eminent traveler." Besides, in this case we would have to say "another book by an eminent traveler who is also a foreign correspondent." In fact, the magic name of Curie was like a talisman, an open-sesame to this daughter of the famous scientists, making people like Gandhi, Nehru, Wavell, Cripps and the Chiang Kai-sheks not only willing but glad to see her, making it possible for her to be the first woman to visit the Libyan front and the first non-Russian to see very much of the Russian front—other than, of course, the Germans.

"Journey Among Warriors" is long and diffuse, and we were annoyed at having to spend all that time reading it, but the point is, we really felt that we had to read it all. It is that good. Not brilliant, not great, but good: the consistently readable record of a very intelligent, sensitive, charming cosmopolitan who knows Europe thoroughly, has learned to know the English and Americans, and now, since her trip, can tell us a great deal that is valuable about the Russians, Chinese and Indians.

A comparison with Wendell Willkie's "One World" at once suggests itself. Both traveled almost exclusively by plane, both visited the Libyan front, the Holy Land, Iraq, Iran, Russia, China. (Miss Curie also got to India and the Burma front.) Both became acutely aware of the powerful, growing hunger among the brown and yellow peoples for independence and equality, for complete freedom from white imperialism. And both sympathized strongly with that hunger, at the same time realizing with deep conviction that only a victory for the United Nations, with all their irritating faults, held any hope for its immediate or ultimate satisfaction.

But Willkie is completely American, Eve Curie completely European, and French, and a woman. Therefore she takes more time, sees more, is more concerned with nuance and personality, and writes more gracefully. She too, however, was tremendously impressed by the Russian war effort and by the strength, however ruthless and dictatorial, of the Stalin régime. And she succeeded better than the other in convincing us that the Russians really are doing a tremendous and heroic job.

Being Polish on her mother's side, Miss Curie was also peculiarly sensitive to the equally heroic and even more painful sufferings of the Polish soldiers who had been first imprisoned by the Russians and then liberated to fight for their own unfortunate homeland.

"Several (Polish) officers described to me the first Masses celebrated in the military training camps—and how the men, still lean and exhausted from their life in prison camps, had wept like children because God was, once again, holding His merciful hand toward them."

There is another revealing incident, in Miss Curie's interview with Gandhi, who charmed her greatly, but also exasperated her (and rightly so) with his ideas of non-violent pacifism.

"And I suddenly asked him, in an undertone:

" 'Are you not very proud—very conceited?'

"The seventy-two-year-old Mahatma did not get angry. He looked straight at me from behind his spectacles, like a greedy child who has been caught stealing sugar, and he said at once:

" 'Yes . . . sometimes I do think that I have more pride than the people whom I accuse of being proud.' "

A remark, by the way, that reveals how authentically great, and formidable, the man is.

"Beneath an Amber Moon"

WHEN the Spanish Empire was at its peak and faced the challenge of the British and the Dutch, wealth meant gold, silver, precious stones. Of course these have not lost their lustre. But thoughts of empire and power and plenty today revolve much more about goods than tokens. New lands have their value in terms of the elements of industrial production. And so Brazil derives its economic importance less from its gold and diamonds and emeralds than from its iron, meat, cotton, rubber, fibers, coffee, plastics, vegetable oils, etc.

The mighty Amazon drains five other South American countries, but three thousand miles of its winding course lie entirely in Brazil. Mr. Haskins, who knows of what he writes firsthand, is well aware that much of the Amazon basin's potential wealth lies in scattered, remote stands. He says that it is "too incomparably vast and rich a storehouse, with reserves of fecundity and powers of resistance far too great to be unlocked by the efforts of a few men with a limited amount of capital at their command."

Some of his most interesting pages deal with the Brazil nut, which is second only to rubber as an Amazonian export. Then there are the nuts of the babassu palm which yield valuable vegetable oils. Everywhere there is a wondrous profusion of all sorts of trees, some of them the source of useful medicinal drugs. Mr. Haskins gives a fascinating account of the way Brazilian rubber tree seedlings were introduced into the East Indies sixty-five years ago with the consequent decline and fall of the Amazon rubber industry. He sees that great valley as one of untold natural resources whose development is held back by the sparsity of the population. Perhaps inspired by his subject, he himself expands in all directions, reaching out to tell the history of each of the six Amazon nations, the history and prospects for hemisphere collaboration and many other things beginning with the geological background of the Amazon and ending with the present war.

Mr. Jobim has come up with an even less literary performance. He is strong for facts and figures, and his picture of Brazilian potentialities is even more imposing. Here are a few of the elements. In agricultural areas the soil is so good that year after year fertilizer is often unnecessary. Brazil has the largest iron ore reserves in the world. She has wood for every use. Coffeelite, which was developed to utilize vast unsold coffee surpluses, gives promise of becoming one of the best plastics yet developed. Useful fibers are available in profusion. Cattle raisers in the south have been so successful that meat production now exceeds that of coffee. Food, clothing and shelter are more easily procurable there than almost anywhere else in the world.

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There are a few key things lacking. Fuel is perhaps the chief difficulty. Petroleum is produced only in Bahia and on a moderate scale. Coal is fairly plentiful but it is mined so far away from the principal iron region that charcoal is used in making steel. There are hydro-electric possibilities but they have scarcely been touched. What are most needed, then, are tools, equipment and technicians, while heavy machinery has become one of the most important imports in the last few years. Brazil is particularly weak in transportation. Out of a population of 43,000,000 people some 1,500,000 are employed in industry. The most important industries are respectively textiles, building construction and foodstuffs. All in all it is readily seen that despite its recent strides Brazil is highly undeveloped industrially considering its natural wealth.

Like Mr. Haskins, Mr. Jobim is greatly impressed with Brazil's economic potentialities. Even in the field of minerals he finds Brazil and the United States complementing one another. Of course during this war our dependence upon this great Latin neighbor has grown more marked than ever. But when peace has come at last and there is some sort of new international order, the two countries will continue to find that each has increasingly more to contribute to the other.

More Books of the Week

America's Rôle in Asia. Harry Paxton Howard. Howell. $3.00.

AFTER Pearl Harbor every youngish newsman who had come through Japanese imprisonment and worse in Tokyo, Hongkong or Singapore flooded the press with accounts of what had happened. Very few of them had any more idea than most of our diplomats what it was all about. None had any notion *why* it happened. Knowledge and understanding of the Far East has gone completely blank in this generation.

Now the older men who do know are beginning to speak up; some of them angrily, as they well may, for they have despaired until now of making it clear to anybody. Harry Paxton Howard is one of these. He knows what he is talking about. He sees what the thing is—not a dastardly sneak punch by treacherous Japanese, but something very big indeed, which he and his generation could not only see, but could, and did, discuss with the Japanese, the Chinese and all of India, in great frankness. We all did that until in very recent times the Japanese organized their fighting forces to take possession of, and lead, an Asiatic revolution against "the decadent imperialism of the white races." They did that in exactly the same way as Lenin and Trotzky seized the moribund Russian revolution, with forty thousand highly integrated fighting industrial workers, and turned the revolution into something quite different, according to Trotzky's own words at the time. Some of us were there then, too, and saw it happening. What this war in the Pacific is, and what Howard is describing, is very simple, though it is a very tough war, far tougher than anything in Africa. It may even be tougher in the end than the approaching attack on the nazi citadel of Europe.

It is a general rebellion of all who are not of the European (American) white races by all of those whose skins are colored. It is a revolution as well as a rebellion. It is a war to seize all the wealth of Asia and Africa from the flabby hands of those who have heretofore ruled "the lesser breeds" and have exploited their man power for their own advantage. The Japanese, more conversant with Western technique then all other Asiatics, attempted to seize leadership of this whole inchoate but very real movement. That is why large numbers of all Asiatics favored Japanese leadership against America, England and all the "imperialistic" powers. That is also why a section, not all, of the Chinese clashed in war with the Japanese; a question, and a very old one, of leadership. It was stupid of the Japanese to cause that war. It was undoubtedly stupid of them to initiate, when their Pacific attack began to succeed and they had gained footholds in the islands, all the worst features of the "imperialistic" methods which Asiatics condemned. That has shaken severely the Asiatics' favorable reception of Japanese hegemony. In great part Howard sees that. We may expect from now on some better understanding of the nature of this world upheaval than we have had heretofore.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The World of Yesterday. Stefan Zweig. Viking. $3.00.

WHEN, on February 23, 1942, Stefan Zweig and his wife died by their own hands thousands of refugees were terrified. While they fought bravely day by day to win at least their minimum of life and to build up a new existence on this side of the Atlantic, one of the most wealthy and successful emigrants from Europe, who had found an unusually kind and hospitable reception in Brazil, chose death instead of a new beginning. How was this possible? This book gives an answer. The threats reported by Waldo Frank may have pushed him over the edge, but essentially Stefan Zweig was a man of "the world of yesterday." He was afraid of life. He had grown up in a world of security, the son of a Jewish Viennese millionaire whose wealth had given him an independent existence, even before he earned money with his best sellers. He loved the world of estheticism, of refinement, of a traditional culture. Though he wrote a book praising Brazil as "Land of the Future," he himself had neither the youth nor the human material to become a pioneer; and he felt with Shakespeare's verse from "Julius Caesar":

> The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone.
> Clouds, dews and dangers come. Our deeds are done.

Being a Jew completely assimilated to German-Austrian civilization and recognized by Germans of every faith as one of their best writers, it was hard for him to see any sense in his guiltless exile. How much happier, he reflected, must his medieval ancestors have been when they were persecuted. "They had still possessed a talisman of the soul which today's generation had long since lost: the inviolable faith. They lived and suffered in the proud delusion that they were selected by the Creator as a people chosen for a special destiny and a special mission and the promise of the Bible was to them commandment and law. Thrown on the pyre, they pressed the scripture that was holy to them against their breast and through their inner fire were less sensitive to the murderous flames."

How could an assimilated German of Jewish descent, a sceptic without traditional links to the Jewish faith or any other religion, regain such forces of moral resistance? Stefan Zweig did not understand the meaning of the persecution of the modern Jews, of persons who had already melted down into Germans, Frenchmen, Italians. "They were held blameful but denied means of expiation. And

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thus with smarting eyes they stared at each other on their flight: Why I? Why you? How do you and I who do not know each other, who speak different languages, whose thinking takes different forms and has nothing in common, happen to be here together? Why any of us? And none could answer."

Zweig had entered the seventh decade of his life. He was tired. He thought that there was nothing more on earth he had not seen, not suffered, not lived through. He envied his ancestors, whose steadfastness in all their misfortune the brilliant modern author lacked. "Driven from land to land, there still remained for them a last home, their home in God . . ." No brilliance and no success could make good for this anchor. He had no other desire than to sink into the dark. MAX FISCHER.

The Ministry of Fear. Graham Greene. Viking. $2.50.

A GOOD MAN with a past (he has been involved in a mercy killing) wanders into a suburban charity bazaar, guesses the right weight of a prize cake . . . and from that moment finds himself groping his way down long, tortuous corridors of treachery and fear, all this against the London of Axis spies, militant pacifists who will stop at nothing, and the eternal ground-bass of the *blitz*.

That is the opening of Graham Greene's latest novel, which Paramount has just purchased, but will immediately degrade into a mere thriller. Not that this reviewer has anything against thrillers; quite the contrary. Some of the best stories ever written, and the best films, belong to the category, such films as "Man Hunt," "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "This Gun for Hire," the last drawn also from a Greene novel, but occasionally lifted to the heights on which Graham Greene dwells by the superb talent of Alan Ladd. If I venture to put my nose for a moment in at Mr. Hartung's door, it is only to suggest the pious hope that "The Ministry of Fear" may be directed by Alfred Hitchcock, or one of his American disciples.

The superiority of any novel by Graham Greene to some first-class thriller, like "Journey into Fear" by Eric Ambler, is not a matter of terror at all (though there is plenty of that element here) but rather of that kindred emotion postulated by the divine Greeks in their definition of drama—pity. Though the "mystery" is not resolved until the extraordinarily bitter end, this novel has the most unbearably beautiful climax of any of his books since "Brighton Rock"; and also it is typical of his Hitchcockian genius that this climax is staged in a public lavatory. Mr. Ambler, of course, can pull off any number of tricks like that in his absorbing stories; but I question if Mr. Ambler could write with much conviction sentences like these: "There are moments of surrender when it is so much easier to love your enemy than to remember . . ." Or this, perhaps the dominant theme of the book: "One can't love humanity; one can only love people."

"Militant pacifism" was a moment ago mentioned as one of the more sinister pieces of motivation in this novel, and the motivation is going to annoy considerably the young people of the *Catholic Worker*, assuming that they ever dip into anything lighter than Saint Teresa or "The Dark Night of the Soul." But I believe that the author is justified in making a certain type of pacifism one of the villains of his astonishing story, remembering the bigoted old Salvationist, Tolstoy, in "What I Believe": "Recalling all the evil I have done, suffered and seen, it is clear to me that the cause of it all lay in the gross fraud called love of one's country." Out of their own mouths . . .

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They Like It!

Some weeks ago we quoted in this column Dominicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Jesuits, Congregationalists, and Benedictines in praise of this book. It would be easy to extend the list to include praise from all the Christian Orders and Denominations, but the opinions of all are summed up by what AMERICA said: "IT *MUST* BE READ! No one can neglect it if he expects to help in any way toward the rebuilding of a decent world."

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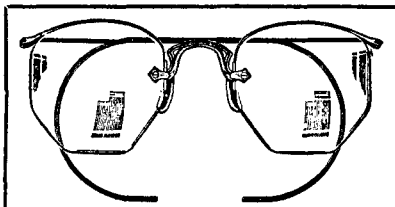

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(Newman Bookshop, Westminster, Md.).....$1.75

The True Life
By Luigi Sturzo. The latest book of a world-known Catholic sociologist, THE TRUE LIFE is the ripened and complete presentation of Don Sturzo's ideas. It may well serve as the summa of the fundamental principles apart from which no society can function without trespassing on rights, whether human or divine. 320 pages. (St. Anthony Guild Press) $3.00

Ah, that haunting world of "Brighton Rock," "This Gun for Hire" and the latest novel, that world of secret agents, racetrack touts and killers, boy-hustlers with their "evil virginity," back parlor sorcerers, spoiled priests, all that nostalgia for the gutter and homesickness for lost Paradises!—has there ever been such a world outside the delirious pages of Balzac? And Balzac, however good Catholic he may have been officially, was (Heaven knows) no mystic! Graham Greene is one of the few—the very few—authors in a world at war who does not make one despair utterly of the contemporary novel.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Evolution—The Modern Synthesis. Julian Huxley. Harper. $5.00.

TO A certain degree Julian Huxley has followed in the footsteps of the illustrious T. H. Huxley. The resemblance, however, is more apparent than real. Both men have devoted more time to writing than to investigation. Beyond that fact there is no signiffcant similarity, for T. H. did more real research than Julian, and when he wrote without basing his material on original investigation, he set himself a task and wrote hard at it until there was no more he could do. Thus arose his works on science, Christianity and Judaism. Julian writes all over the biological map. And of all his varied contributions, this release on genetics is one of his most thoroughly scientific.

It is definitely not for lay consumption. In fact, some American Ph.D.'s in zoology will have difficulty with the book, both because of the assumption of wide and profound knowledge and because Huxley throws around technical terms with the abandon of a third year medical student.

For the professional biologist the book is a good one of its kind. It deals comprehensively with the factual and theoretical material relating to evolution. From the usual standpoint of criticism it should be entirely approved, for dozens of previous books have covered the same subject in the same way and have been well received.

One receives the impression that Huxley would want his emphasis on "natural selection" to stand out in the mind of his reader. He deals extensively with the inadequacy of Lamarckism and, as has been the custom for three-quarters of a century, introduces natural selection as an opposing view to Lamarckism. He regards this Darwinian principle as sound, and the satisfactory factor in evolution which most biologists have failed to find in Lamarckism.

To this reviewer those seventy-five years of discussion, so well exemplified by Huxley's book, seem inane. This is intended to include both the *pro* and *con* contributions to natural selection. Lamarckian principles dealt with the mechanics of change; natural selection deals with the fate of organisms that have changed as well as those that have not. Darwin recognized this. That is why he wrote his chapter on Pangenesis. Yet we scientists go on writing and quarreling about these two things that are not comparable. It is disappointing to a scientist to note a similarity to the arguments about the nature of grace which have arisen because two orders of monks happened to use the word grace for two different concepts, and then accused each other of not knowing what the word meant. At least we have the comfort that it is not just the intelligentsia, for the country school at the turn of the century went round and round with its two non-comparable aspects of motherhood and debated which was the mother of the chick, *the hen that laid the egg or the hen that hatched it.*

J. MC A. KATER.

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The Inner Forum

TWENTY more Maryknoll priests left recently to take up mission work in Latin America, bringing the total of those so engaged to 64. And soon to go are eight Maryknoll sisters, who are, incidentally, the first group of nuns sent to Latin America from Maryknoll.

This report reveals that there has been a tremendous increase in the number of American missionaries sent to South and Central America. This is partly due to the war and the closing of so many of the Far Eastern areas to the penetration of missionaries. It is also a reflection of the new American interest in our neighbors to the South, and specifically it is a result of the Holy See's assignment to Maryknoll of one of the 35 Indian missions of South America which are now under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith.

Although there are something in the neighborhood of 124,000,000 Catholics in Latin America, only 16,000 resident priests are available to administer to them, making about one priest for every 7,500 people. This compares, for example, with America's 36,000 resident priests for an approximate 22,000,000, or one priest for every 600 Catholics.

The Indians of South America are actually a very small part of the population, numbering only about 9,000,000 altogether, of whom 1,000,000 are still in a half savage state, wandering in nomad tribes in the forests and mountains, still hostile and belligerent in their feeling toward the whites.

This feeling dates back to the inhuman cruelty of the Spanish *conquistadores*. According to *Catholic Missions,* "when the missioners first attempted to preach the doctrines of the Christian faith they replied as did that old Cacique who said: 'If there are Spaniards in that beautiful Heaven you tell us about we don't want to be with them, for they are too unmerciful.' More than 100 missioners were to pay with their blood for the cruelties enacted by the Spaniards."

According to Bishop James E. Walsh, M.M., Maryknoll's Superior General, there is to be no attempt to sell the Indians American civilization. He says, "As regards the elements of true civilization we expect to receive as much as we have to give."

CONTRIBUTORS

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The Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs
Part II: Issue of June 4, 1943 (Volume XXXVIII; Number 7)

Racist Law and the True Meaning of Racism

JACQUES MARITAIN

On January 25, 1943, the Institut de Droit Comparé, *which is part of the* Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes *of New York, and whose Director is Professor Mirkine-Guetzévitch, dedicated its annual meeting to* "Le Droit Raciste à l'assaut de la civilisation." *The chairman was Professor Jacques Maritain, then Vice-President (now President) of the* Ecole Libre. *After an introductory speech by Professor Mirkine-Guetzévitch, Dr. Ernest Hamburger, Professor Max Gottschalk and Dr. Paul Jacob read reports on the development of racist law in Germany, its extension over Europe and the application of racist decrees in France.*

*The following is the text of the closing address, delivered by Professor Jacques Maritain.**

THE PROGRAM of this meeting calls for the presiding officer to draw conclusions from the three reports already heard. Conclusions! The only conclusion possible is an unutterable horror of the mind and heart in face of the human degradation of which racist crimes are the expression, and a resolution to fight this degradation to the death.

The subject which has been treated before you is dripping with human blood, it is permeated with agony and torture. To try to understand these things as they should be understood, we ought to contemplate in our minds' eye all the hopeless dead, that multitude of lamentable victims driven to suicide not only by the panic and dread of suffering worse than death—I am thinking of those women hunted by the police in the streets of French towns, *French* towns, and who dashed to the stairways of the houses with the children from whom they were to be separated and flung themselves with them from the windows—we ought to contemplate that multitude driven to suicide not only by the dread of suffering, but also by the view of the abominations of such a world and the crumbling of all justice. In Austria, as you know, at the moment of the Anschluss and Hitler's invasion, doctors and pharmacists, as a supreme token of friendship, distributed to their friends pills which would enable them to kill themselves, and thoughtfully stretched the prescriptions so that, if necessary, other unfortunates might be "helped." That is the picture of absolute distress and despair which must ever be before our eyes when we think of racist law and racist crimes. The ultimate despair of the suicides is in itself a picture of something even more terrible: the irremediable and monstrous corruption of the human soul in the persecutors, and the abyss of perversion into which they threaten to plunge the human race. If Plato and Thomas Aquinas are right in saying that it is better to suffer unjustly than criminally to cause to suffer, and that the evil in the executioners is worse than the evil borne by the victims, then we must believe that the indescribable ravages caused by racism in the hearts of the racists and the anti-Semites are even more abominable than the tortures they inflict upon an innocent multitude. The conclusion to be drawn is that we are confronted today with hell let loose upon the earth. The devil, gentlemen, is leading the dance. Racist law is just a bit of tinsel in his hand. He spent much time trying to make us forget his existence. Today he calls himself again to our attention and lets us know, expert theologian that he is, that his pleasure is not merely homicidal, but also, and first of all, seeks to debase human nature and turn it into mockery.

RACIST LAW

The Racist Idea

You have been told about racist law, that is, about the complete corruption of law and the idea of law accomplished by racism. Racist law is a doctrine, it has its principles and its logic, its professors, doctors, journalists, professorial chairs and universities. It has its prophet, Alfred Rosenberg, and its hero, Adolf Hitler. It has its motivating principles, metaphysical and religious. Let me read you some passages by Alfred Rosenberg, from his "Myth of the Twentieth Century."

"Today," he writes, "a new faith surges up: the myth of blood. A faith which, with blood, safeguards the divine essence of man; a faith based upon this truth that nordic blood represents the mystery which ousts and replaces the old sacraments . . ."

And he goes on (this is the résumé of the volume which appears on the wrapper): "The myth of the twentieth century is the myth of blood which, under the sign of the

*The complete proceedings have been published in French: "Le Droit Raciste à l'assaut de la civilisation" (La Maison Française, 1943).

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swastika, unleashes the racist world revolution; it is the awakening of the racial soul which, at the close of a long sleep, victoriously puts an end to racial chaos." And finally: "Law is no more an anemic outline than is religion or art, but it is eternally linked to a specific blood with which it appears and disappears."

In "Mein Kampf" Hitler, in turn, alludes to "the vocation of a supreme race, of a people of masters which has at its command the resources and the potentialities of all the earthly sphere," and he concludes: "A State which devotes itself, at the time of the corruption of races, to the culture of its best racial elements, will one day inevitably become the master of the world." Here we have the philosophic and religious background of racist law. Racist law is an idea. It is the example *par excellence* of the homicidal Idea. Although, from another point of view to which I shall come back later on, this idea appears to be a superstructure of something more radical and profound, it is nonetheless directly responsible for all the crimes perpetrated in its name and under its banners.

The List of Racist Errors

Because in spite of all man is a being gifted with reason, it is necessary to unmask the errors and sophisms of racist law; this remains the first duty of those who are charged, to any extent whatsoever, with the things of the mind and the teaching of human law. As a Catholic, it is my consolation to recall that this work of doctrinal condemnation was performed with sovereign authority by Pope Pius XI. I should like to give you here the list of racist errors compiled and condemned by him in the letter of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, dated April 13, 1938:

> *First Error:* Human beings, by their natural constitution inherited and unchangeable, so differ among themselves that the highest of them are farther removed from the lowest than the lowest are from the highest species of brutes.
>
> *Second error:* Vigor of race and purity of blood must be conserved and fostered at any cost; and whatever leads to this end is by that very fact justifiable.
>
> *Third error:* It is from blood, wherein the genius of the race is contained, that all intellectual and moral qualities flow as from their most potent source.
>
> *Fourth error:* The principal end of education is to perfect the natural constitution of the race, and to fire the mind with a burning love of one's own race, as the greatest good.
>
> *Fifth error:* Religion is subservient to race and must be adapted to it.
>
> *Sixth error:* The prime source and supreme rule of the whole order of justice is race instinct. . . .
>
> *And the last error:* Individuals exist through the State and for the State; whatever rights they have are derived solely from the State.

"To these odious propositions others might easily be added," the Pontifical document, with an accurate feeling for the self-propagating power of error, went on to say.

The sixth error denounced has a direct bearing on the subject treated. It is thus worded: "The prime source and supreme rule of the whole order of justice is race instinct."

In 1936, Frank, the Fuehrer of German jurists, had enunciated the classic formula: "The just, the lawful, is that which is useful to the German people; the unjust, that which is harmful to it." [1]

A little later, in his speech of January 30, 1937, before the Reichstag, Hitler declared:

> With regard to principles, in place of the concept of the individual or the concept of humanity, we set down the *idea of the people, of the people born of the blood* which flows in our veins and of the soil which saw our birth. Perhaps for the first time in the history of humanity, it has been proclaimed in this country that of all the duties which devolve upon man, the noblest and the most exalted consists in *maintaining the race* which God has given him. . . . *From the juridical point of view, the conclusions are as follows:*
>
> (1) The belief that law, as such, finds within itself the justification of its existence, is false.
>
> (2) The belief that law has for its object to ensure and maintain *the protection of the individual in his own person* and in his goods is equally false.
>
> The National-Socialist revolution has given to law and to juridical science a clear and unequivocal starting point. The real task of justice consists in preserving and defending the people against any element which evades its obligations with regard to the community or which is detrimental to the interests of the latter.

The Encyclical of March 14, 1937

Thus racist error and its caricature of law are in direct opposition to the basis of all law: natural law, in which human law finds justification for its existence; and in direct opposition to the recognition of the rights of the human person, which is the primary expression of natural law.

It is not surprising that in the Encyclical "Mit brennender Sorge" (Germany and the Church) of March 14, 1937, Pius XI insisted upon affirming the inviolability of natural law, and in declaring: "It is in the light of the commands of this natural law that all positive law, whoever the lawgiver, can be gauged in its moral content, and hence, in the authority it wields over conscience. Human laws in flagrant contradiction with natural law are vitiated with a taint which no force, no power can amend. In the light of this principle one must judge the axiom, that 'right is common utility,' a proposition which may be given a correct significance; it means that what is morally indefensible can never contribute to the good of the people. But ancient paganism acknowledged that the axiom, to be entirely true, must be reversed and be made to say: 'Nothing can be useful, if it is not at the same time morally good.' . . . And it is not because it is useful that it is morally good, but because it is morally good that it is useful."

The pagan philosopher quoted by the Pope is Cicero in his "De Officiis." Thus the wisdom of ancient paganism and Christian wisdom are but one in condemning the first principle of political machiavellianism, that political machiavellianism of which nazi racism (which is called neo-pagan but which is a debased and perverted paganism) represents the absolute and unbridled form; that political

[1] Congress of Jurists, 1936.

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machiavellianism whose moderate and "reasonable" forms remained the object of a modest and discreet cult for so many so-called realists in our pre-war democracies who failed to realize that mitigated or moderate machiavellianism is certainly bound to be devoured by absolute machiavellianism. For Hitler's great discovery lies in having really understood that a contempt of law which is stopped by nothing is stronger than a contempt of law which sets itself limits and entangles itself in morality.

I return to the Encyclical "Mit brennender Sorge." After having shown in which sense—diametrically opposed to the nazi sense—it is alone possible to understand correctly the principle: "Right is common utility," Pius XI declares: "Emancipated from this moral rule, the principle would in international law bring to pass a perpetual state of war between nations." And he goes on to affirm the truth which is explicitly denied by Hitler and racist law—to affirm those rights of the human person which are the prime expression of natural law. "In national life," he says, the principle of racist law "ignores, by confusing right and utility, the basic fact that man as a person possesses rights he holds from God, and which any collectivity must protect against denial, suppression or neglect. To overlook this truth is to forget that the real common good ultimately takes its measure from man's nature, which balances personal rights and social obligations, and from the purpose of society, established for the benefit of *human* nature."

Permit me to quote a few more lines from the pontifical document: "The experiences of these last years [this was written in 1937] have fixed responsibilities and laid bare intrigues which from the outset only aimed at a war of extermination . . . against Christ and His Church."

And still another passage (let us not forget this judgment when we hear Hitler falsely invoking the name of the Almighty): "The believer in God is not he who utters the name in his speech, but he for whom this sacred word stands for a true and worthy concept of the Divinity."

And finally: "Whoever exalts race, or the people, or the State, or a particular form of State, or the depositories of power, or any other fundamental value of the human community—however necessary and honorable be their function in worldly things—whoever raises these notions above their standard value and divinizes them to an idolatrous level, distorts and perverts an order of the world planned and created by God . . ."

The passages which I have just quoted are not merely the reminder of a doctrine immutable in its truth. They bring to us also the hope and the heroic courage of those young Frenchmen who reprinted them at the risk of their lives in the first issue of that admirable clandestine publication *Cahiers du Témoignage Chrétien* which appeared in November, 1941, bearing the title: "France, Beware of Losing Your Soul."

The Fruits of Racist Law
The Mass Murder of Jews

The monstrous fruits of racist law have just been described to you, or rather only a part has been described, for we would have to hear all the death-cries spread throughout Europe and the world to get some idea of them.

An immense multitude of entirely innocent men, women and children have been put to death by the nazis, for the crime of belonging to the Jewish race. A total computation is rather difficult: if in the interests of avoiding any possibility of exaggeration we stick to the most conservative figures, we run the risk of wronging the victims; if in the interests of conveying the whole picture closest to witnessed reports we stress the most probable figures, we run the risk of inciting the disbelief of those who are determined to be moved only when future historians shall have given their verdict. Let it suffice to know that in Poland and Lithuania alone, about 700,000 persons belonging to the Jewish race had already been killed by the beginning of last autumn (the more probable figure seems much higher); and that for the ensemble of victims of racist persecution up to the present moment (January, 1943) the more conservative figures are of at least one million, and the more probable of two million. Four or five millions—all that is left of the Jews in swastika-ruled Europe—are threatened with the same fate. Particularly in Poland and occupied Russia the methods of destruction exceed the nightmares of the most diabolical imagination. Scientific methods equal to the German genius have been invented. Machine-guns no longer suffice. Neither do cold, famine and epidemics. They need poison gases, electrocution, mass piling into enclosed spaces where asphyxia takes place by degrees, suffocation of the weakest and the most aged in sealed freight cars which carry crowds of deportees to sorting-out camps where among the survivors all those who are not fit for forced labor are massacred—the forced labor will take care of the others. There are also the joys of the manhunt, of black-jackings, floggings, torturing humiliations and unmentionable practices which drive one to madness.

If we were tempted to regard as "atrocity stories" the accounts that reach us, reverberated by the echoes of terror, it should suffice, to make us realize the likelihood of these accounts, for us to recall the sadistic scenes which took place in Vienna after the *Anschluss,* where nazi youth gave full vent to its ferocious cruelty; it should suffice to re-read the British "Blue Book," or to read the articles published in the official organ of the German police, *Die Deutsche Polizei,* by police chiefs who pride themselves on their work of "biological" purging and proudly reveal their brute ideology.[2] Describing how all the Jews of Lublin were chased from the city (they afterwards *disappeared* without leaving any trace) and how all their houses, except a few buildings of "historic interest," were burned to the ground, another nazi newspaper, the *Krakauer Zeitung,* celebrated this demolition of the Jewish

[2] Cf. Marie Syrkin, "German Police Testifies," in *Jewish Frontier,* November, 1942. "This issue of the *Jewish Frontier,*" writes the editor, Mr. Hayim Greenberg, "attempts to give some picture of what is happening to the Jews of Europe. It is of necessity an incomplete picture because reports have to be smuggled out and evidence has to be pieced together. Consequently, we have hesitated to include any material whose authenticity was in any way doubtful. The information presented in this issue is vouched for by sources of unimpeachable authority."

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district by writing: "This was another breaking of the tablets by Moses, but not for any good purpose as far as the Jews are concerned!" Their expulsion was "another exodus, but not in search of a Promised Land—the times of Biblical parasitism are gone."[3] In Poland the abominations endured by human nature in the concentration camps reached such a pitch that often wretched Jews were seen to pay money to the nazis—100 zlotys is not dear—*to be shot immediately rather than be sent to camps and tortured.*[4]

Thousands of Jews evacuated from the ghetto of Lodz and sent to Chelm were killed by poison gases. The ghetto of Warsaw, which at the beginning of 1941 had a population of 550,000 souls, was so depopulated by disease, famine, murder and deportation "to an unknown destination," that today it has less than 50,000 inhabitants.[5] Last August the mayor of the ghetto of Warsaw, Adam Cziernakow, committed suicide so as not to obey the order sent him by the nazis to draw up a list of 100,000 Jews to be deported to "an undetermined place." After what happened at Lodz, he knew what that order meant.[6] In Prague the young poet Janus Bonn similarly refused to make up a list for deportation, and was executed by the nazis.[7] In Chelm, in December, 1939, the Gestapo assembled 800 Jews in the marketplace to force them from there to run barefoot into the country and massacred 600 as "game." We know that one of the means used by the extermination battalions, notably in Chelmno, was to shut the victims up in sealed auto-trucks where they were killed on the way by poison gas, at the rate of six to nine transports a day. At the spot where a group of unfortunate Jews previously chosen for this job were obliged to dig the graves, the dead, before being thrown into the ground, were carefully stripped of anything that might still tempt the scavanger instinct: rings were taken from fingers, even the gold fillings in teeth were removed with the aid of pliers.[8] We know that nazi racism proceeds by stages according to an inexorable and well-defined plan: (1) deprive the Jews of their civil rights; (2) drive the Jews out of economic life and thus make it impossible for them to sustain themselves; (3) segregate them in ghettos where they will perish of famine and disease; (4) exterminate those among them who have not been "liquidated" in the course of the previous stages.

The testimonies that come from all sides regarding the actual working out of the last phase of this plan are frightfully convergent. Let us not forget, as we read them, the warning issued several months ago by a particularly well-informed neutral source: there is reason to believe that the reality is ten times as terrible as all the reports that have been made. For these reports are sporadic, they can only be smuggled out to us and deal only with partial episodes of the immense and systematic persecution. The figures which they furnish doubtless can not be checked by the procedures of statistical science. But they come from authentic sources and reliable groups, and it would be absurd to refuse, in the interests of scientific controls which are obviously inapplicable under such circumstances, indications which in any event remain terribly probable and which probably minimize the truth.

Facts and Figures

Here, then, are some elements of the picture thus placed before our eyes.

Of the 250,000 Jews driven from Bessarabia toward the part of Southern Ukraine occupied by Rumania, about 190,000 were shot, burned alive or tortured to death during the trip.[9]

In Odessa 25,000 Jews were massacred by the Rumanian troops in October, 1941. On the day when a bomb exploded in the staff building, 10,000 Jews were gathered in wooden barracks and burned alive.[10] In Vitebsk several thousand Jews were similarly burned alive.[11]

In Kiev, according to the information received by the Soviet government, 52,000 men, women and children were massacred, of whom a large proportion (40,000) were Jews. Other sources later confirmed the fact and indicated the figures as a minimum.[12]

In Pinsk, 8,000 Jews were killed by machine-gun fire, in Brest-Litovsk 6,000, in Mariupol the entire Jewish population—massacred in groups of five hundred in front of trenches into which the corpses were pushed. In a city near Smolensk 7,000 Jews were marched to the fields, compelled to dig their own graves and then shot down. Many were buried alive.[13]

In Riga, Latvia, more than 20,000 Jews were massacred by the Germans.[14]

In Jassy, in Moldavia, 10,000 Jews were put to death in a three-day pogrom (July 28, 29, 30, 1941), pitilessly machine-gunned or, for the most part, put into sealed freight trains where they could receive neither water nor food. Here the Rumanian authorities left them for eleven days, until no sign of life was discernible. When the cars were opened, on August 10, all these unfortunates were dead of suffocation or hunger. In Bukovina 29,000

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[3] *Jewish Frontier,* November, 1942, p. 27.

[4] Report published by the Polish Government in Exile (London *Fortnightly Review,* December, 1942).

[5] "Hitler's Black Record" (Documentation first gathered in a neutral country and submitted to President Roosevelt by the American Jewish Congress), p. 4. Later all the Jews of the Warsaw ghetto were massacred, after having heroically fought their executioners (New York *Times,* May 15, 1943).

[6] *Jewish Frontier,* November, 1942, "The Mayor of the Warsaw Ghetto."

[7] *Ibid.,* p. 5.

[8] *Ibid.,* "The Nazis in Chelm" (report received by the United Relief Committee for Polish Jews in Tel-Aviv, November 10, 1940) and "The Extermination Center" (report received by the Polish Jewish Labor Party *Bund*).—Is it true that in certain cases the nazis have recourse to the injection of air into the veins, which would enable a doctor or an experienced nurse to assassinate in one hour about a hundred innocent persons? This technique seems quite refined, but as hospital procedure it is probably no less unlikely than all the well-established horrors that we know from other sources.

[9] *Jewish Frontier,* November, 1942, p. 5 and p. 32.

[10] *Ibid.,* p. 5.—"Hitler's Black Record," p. 5.

[11] "Hitler's Black Record," p. 6.

[12] *Jewish Frontier,* p. 5.—"Hitler's Black Record," p. 6.

[13] "Hitler's Black Record," p. 6.

[14] *Ibid.,* p. 4 and 5.

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Jews were killed by the German and Rumanian armies in Cernauti and neighboring towns.[15]

In Kaunas, Lithuania, there is a Bureau of Destruction (Vernichtungsstelle) where the unfortunates, Jews and non-Jews, destined to be put to death by the nazis, are executed. Among these victims are many deported Jews from France and Belgium.[16]

In Germany, since the beginning of the war between the Reich and the United States, Jews have suffered horrible treatment and are now subject to deportation. A letter from Berlin, dated April 8, 1942, reveals that on January 25 one thousand Jews were piled and locked into cattle trains, *en route* to Riga, for an 18-day trip. Not a single one remained alive; they all died of hunger and cold. Invalids are dragged out of Jewish hospitals and deported in this manner.[17]

The Czechoslovak government has just made it known that 77,000 Jews died in concentration camps of the Protectorate or were deported to Polish ghettos, where they "disappeared."[18]

In France, by order of the Germans in the occupied zone, by order of Pierre Laval in the area that was then unoccupied, tens of thousands of foreign Jews, or those but recently naturalized, were picked up to be sent to a similar fate. In Paris, the night of Wednesday, July 15, 1942, was one of horror and shame. French police-wagons raced through the streets to round up men, women and children who were taken to the Velodrome d'Hiver or the Parc des Princes, which thus became centers of despair, agony and death. The head of the SS in the occupied zone directed the operation. 5,000 children were separated from their families, a great many younger children lost their identity and will never know their names. The same procedure began in the unoccupied zone on August 26. It was conducted with the same brutality. Many members of the French police force resigned so as to avoid participation. The special police of the Vichy régime took charge of doing the job. Here again invalids were pulled from the hospitals to be arrested and deported.

As I said in September in a broadcast to our French friends, "Violating the traditional laws of political asylum, accepting the bestial ignominy of nazi racism for herself [France] and her own laws, handing over the foreign Jews whom she had harbored ever since 1935 as in a human and faithful land, handing over even those who fought for her in her own army during the present war—never in the history of the world has a similar infamy been imposed upon France. It is not only because of the outrage to human dignity and the human rights in the person of the persecuted Jews, it is because of the soul of France that anguish chokes us all, who remember the saints of France, and the days when honor had meaning for the leaders of our country. The unfortunate ones who, as Péguy said, seek to place the soul of France in a state of mortal sin, are not even aware that they are defiling a sacred thing, and that were such an act of defilement consummated, it would poison history for many centuries to come."

If France has not lost her soul, thanks is due to her people and to the Christians who cried out their indignation at the iniquity, and who did everything and risked all to shelter in their homes or hide in the mountains and the forests, to help and defend the victims of these infamous measures.

The Anti-Semitic Psychosis

Now there is something else I should like to tell you: The assassins and the hangmen do their jobs. Satan's henchmen do their jobs. But what is as frightful as the assassins' deeds and the horrors of racist extermination is the inaction of those who might act, and the indifference of many decent people. Every morning they read in their newspapers accounts of new atrocities as regularly as they eat their breakfasts. They heave a sigh of indignation, and go on to other news. They have gotten into the habit. This getting the habit of hell is one of the invisible crimes perpetrated on souls throughout the world by nazi racism.

And there is something worse. I refer to the moral complicity which, like insidious leprosy spreads by degrees in a certain number who imperceptibly let themselves be won over by anti-Semitic feelings, condemning all the while Hitler's abominations. For it is a fact, and there is no point hiding it, that a kind of more or less larval anti-Semitism is growing in certain social strata of the democratic countries, even as the nazis carry out their work of extermination. We must proclaim from the house-tops that wherever this phenomenon appears in our midst (fortunately, it is limited both in depth and scope) a victory is won by Hitler and lost for civilization.

The fact to which I am referring and which is not a good omen for post-war problems, is to be explained by sociologists and mass psychology, which does not deal with the best parts of our nature. If you shift men's attention in one particular direction, it will immediately notice, once it has been thus directed, all sorts of accidental data which will act as pretexts for a spontaneous systematization, however absurd it may be. If you repeat by means of an intensive propaganda drive that all the residents of Fifth Avenue are swindlers, the other New Yorkers will wind up by noting, that, sure enough, a certain citizen of whom they have had cause to complain happens to live on Fifth Avenue. And another one, too, as a matter of fact—while the rascals with whom we have to deal in other sections of the city naturally escape from the visual rays thus fixed in our minds. And after several months' time you will have created an anti-Fifth-avenueism as reasonable and as well-entrenched as anti-Semitism.

The various social, moral, political and economic pretexts invoked against the Jews are no better founded than any pretext whatsoever in whose name the diverse groups of a single civil community can hate and devour each other. We can and we must refute these bad reasons. The misfortune is that in fact once they have

[15] *Jewish Frontier*, November, 1942, p. 30-31.
[16] *Ibid.*, p. 33—"Hitler's Black Record," p. 6.
[17] *Jewish Frontier*, November, 1942, p. 28.
[18] *New York Post*, January 23, 1943.

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penetrated the minds of men, they are extricated with difficulty, because people can only with difficulty distinguish the essence from the accidental in their reasoning. In reality racism and anti-Semitism are an irrational mass psychosis and draw their strength from their very irrationality, as does any delirium. If you want to understand as malignant and virulent an irrational growth, you must have recourse not only to the light of rationality but also to that of supra-rationality. Only that which is better and nobler than reason is capable of descending into the under-ground world of unreason and mastering it. I thus arrive at a point which calls for some explanations and which deals specifically with German racism.

The Essence of Nazi Anti-Semitism

Diverse Forms of Racism

There are many forms of racism, and all very different. At the time of Las Casas, certain Spanish theologians, enemies of that great preacher known as the Father of the Indians, affirmed that the natives of America were not men, because they belong neither to the race of Shem, nor that of Ham, nor that of Japheth, the three human races mentioned in the Bible. They were therefore animals, whose gold and land man, the Christian Spaniard, had the right to appropriate, as man has the right to take the plumes of the peacock, the honey of the bees and the wool of the lambs. A papal bull by Paul III was needed to put an end to this theological racism.

In this great country, the United States, which was formed on the basis of human rights and which today is engaged in a decisive struggle for freedom, an infinitely sad racial problem exists with regard to the colored people; but here, let it be said to the honor of the American people, public law and federal legislation maintain intact the sacred truths, the principles and rules of civic equality and justice, despite prejudice and private morals which will one day, at long last, be purified.

In Japan there exists a pagan racism of a thoroughgoing and brutal simplicity, absolute, war-like and odiously sure of itself, which elevates to divinity a nation's boundless pride.

German Racism

Nazi racism is of quite another essence, and its base pride is nothing but the compensation for a turbid state of mind made up of inferiority complexes, dreams of resentment and persecution manias. German racism did not take shape *for* the nordic or German race, it is not fooled by the impostures of its anthropologists and is ready to call the Japanese yellow aryans. German racism took shape *against* a mythical enemy because its prime datum is hate and because hate must have an enemy to detest and destroy. The Enemy Race is the mythical creation of that morbid hate which developed within the rotting sections of the German people. Here we can perceive, as I indicated at the outset, how racist doctrine and racist law are at once terribly efficient dynamic agents and ideological superstructures—but first of all the ideological superstructures of a deeper root-neurosis of the soul. And why use the very word *law* when every law is made a mockery? Why usurp this word from Christian civilization and create a racist law, if it is not because of a sickly desire for justification? Racist law is nothing but a secondary ideological process which aims at justifying a primitive criminal passion and freeing it of all restraint. There is only one firm and unshakable trait at the heart of German racism: nazi anti-Semitism, extreme and frenzied form of the old German anti-Semitism. And nazi anti-Semitism is at bottom a furious aversion to the revelation of Sinai and the law of the Decalogue. It is above all, as Maurice Samuel, the American Jewish writer has so well pointed out, a supernatural fear and hate (which dare not say their name) of Christianity and the evangelical law, and of that King of the Jews who is the Word Incarnate, the Word Who was in the beginning—the Word and not the Action!—and Who took flesh in the womb of a Virgin of Israel, and Who came to bear witness unto Truth, and proclaimed the beatitudes to the poor and the merciful, and will put down the powerful from their thrones, and Whose kingdom is not of this world and Who will judge all of us on love and charity. These are the things that make nazi anti-Semitism gnash its teeth and that excite its destructive rage. It seeks to wipe the race of Christ from the face of the earth because it seeks to wipe Christ from human history, it takes vengeance on the Jews for the Messiah who issued from them, it humiliates and tortures the Jews, seeking to humiliate and torture their Messiah in their flesh; it is essentially a Christophobia.

The Will to Extermination

It is in this perspective that we must understand Hitler's declarations, and his clearly affirmed will—so clearly affirmed that reasonable people naturally took it for braggadocio—to exterminate the Jewish race. On January 30, 1939, he promised that a second world war would have as a result "the annihilation of the Jewish race in Europe." He renewed that declaration in his New Year's Message (1943). And he gave his listeners the choice between the extermination of the German people and that of the Jews, as if the salvation of the German people itself—I do not mean its generals, its Third Reich and its imperial Prussianism—as if the salvation of the German people, and its difficult cure, were not bound up with the fate of the free peoples, and as if the infernal vocation of the swastika were not to lead both Jews and Germans to the slaughter! Robert Ley, nazi minister of labor, confirmed his master's words and stated that the nazis would go on with the war "until the Jews had been swept from the face of the earth." Karl Rudolf Best, legal advisor of the Gestapo, unquestionably a master of racist law, explained last summer in a learned manner that "historical experience teaches that the annihilation of a foreign people is not contrary to the laws of life, provided that this annihilation is *total*."[19]

[19] "Die historische Erfahrung hat gelehrt, dass die Vernichtung eines fremden Volkes nicht gegen die Lebensgesetze verstoesst, vorausgesetzt dass diese Vernichtung total ist." "Grossraum Ordnung und Grossraum Verwaltung," in *Zeitschrift für Politik*, June, 1942. Quoted by Hayim Greenberg, *Jewish Frontier*, November, 1942, p. 7.

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These words of madmen should not be taken lightly, because almost all of Europe is in the hands of the nazis, and because the only triumph that they can revel in cheaply and safely is this triumph over the unarmed who are at their mercy. The nazis are starving and torturing all of Europe and spreading death on all sides. They have strewn Poland and occupied Russia with corpses. Yet the European Jews are the only population which they intend to exterminate, and which they have condemned to death as a population. The other oppressed peoples are slated to become the slaves of the "master race." The Jews must be "swept from the face of the earth." Behind all the invocations to Darwin, geopolitics and the laws of *Lebensraum,* what is really at work is a demoniac hatred which we must face.

Many men of good will, Christians and non-Christians, have grieved that, in the face of this rising tidal wave of abominations and defiance of the elementary feelings of justice and humanity, the Catholic Church has merely maintained her previous condemnations, deploring that, in the recent words of Pope Pius XII, "many thousands of persons, without any fault on their part, sometimes only because of their nationality or race, have been consigned to death or to a slow decline," without uttering in one supreme outburst a new and solemn protest and condemnation. If the Church has acted in this fashion, it is undoubtedly because she believes that a new condemnation would remain ineffectual, and it is above all because she does not have to repeat herself, since her word endures.[20] This semi-silence on the part of the Church is not a good omen for the executioners of the Jews. When the voice of the Church is silent, it is to make way for God's justice.

Alluding to his previous menaces, Hitler said on November 8, 1942, that "countless numbers of those who laughed then no longer laugh today." But of the faithful soul it is said, according to the Jewish and Christian Scriptures: "And she will laugh on the last day." And the last day for Hitlerite executioners is not very far.

[20] In a courageous sermon preached on May 14, 1942, in Montauban, a text of which reached the *Revue Dominicaine* of Montreal (February, 1943), Monsignor Bruno de Solages, Rector of the Catholic Institute of Toulouse, said: "I should like to rectify a fallacious idea concerning the teaching of the Popes, an idea which can be felt latent, even when not directly expressed, in the attitude of a certain number of Christians who have forgotten their catechism. No, like the doctrinal condemnations, the teachings of the Popes do not die with their authors. And they have no need to be renewed by their successors in order to retain all their value. To a question put to him in the course of an audience on the subject of his silence, which might be construed as a retraction of his former words, Pope Piux XI replied: 'When the Pope keeps silent, his word endures'—and this saying of Pius XI is true of the series of Popes. . . . If Pope Pius XI's Encyclical 'Mit brennender Sorge' has elucidated in a masterly manner the incompatibility of racism with Christianity, this incompatibility was clear to those who knew their Gospel and lived by it. And the teaching of these two Encyclicals ['Divini Redemptoris' and 'Mit brennender Sorge'] has not been revoked. It is moreover altogether impossible for such ever to be the case for questions in which Christian dogma is so profoundly involved."

Besides, on the plane of action in favor of the victims, the interventions of the Vatican have been unceasing. The Jewish Telegraphic Agency recently published the following dispatch: "Jerusalem, February 5 (JTA)—The Vatican today cabled Chief Rabbi Herzog, assuring him that it is doing everything possible for all the victims of nazi persecution, including the Jews. The Vatican's message came in response to an appeal addressed to the Pope by Chief Rabbi Herzog, presenting detailed facts on the nazi massacres of Jews and the extermination of the Jewish population in nazi-occupied countries through deportations and mass-executions."

A Challenge to Christian Conscience
In the Light of Saint Paul

If I decided to speak at this meeting, it is to endeavor, in so far as I am able, to tell the truth. Since German racism and anti-Semitism are as I have described them, the conclusion to be drawn is that in order to judge in the last analysis this infernal irrational upsurge which is the vehicle of all the nazi poisons, we must have recourse, as I said a moment ago, to that which comes from a level higher than reason. I am sorry for my rationalist friends; only the set of concepts elaborated by the prophets of the Old and the New Testaments, in particular by Saint John in the Apocalypse and by Saint Paul in his second Epistle to the Thessalonians, enables our intellect to grasp what nazi racism and anti-Semitism really are, and what they herald and prepare. *The Beast and the men who bear the mark of the Beast and who worship its image,* and *the man of iniquity, the lawless one who rises up against everything that bears a likeness to God,* and *the powerful Illusions which will be set loose in the world and which will subject men to falsehood* are once again, and forcibly, becoming actualities in the vocabulary of ideas by which we have to interpret our own human history.

And if this is so, we must also conclude that the power of faith and the power of the Gospel are alone capable of truly overcoming the wave of falsehood, moral impurity and mighty stupidity hurled at our civilization and our humanism by this black spirit of racism and anti-Semitism which, as our friends of the *Cahiers du Témoignage Chrétien* put it, tends first, to *seduce,* second to *compromise,* third to *pervert* or *destroy.*

The Word of Truth

The challenge has been hurled at Christian conscience. It is up to it—without of course excluding simple human conscience, born of nature and reason—it is Christian conscience which has the primary obligation and the primary responsibility in the fight for the defense of the people whence issued Christ, the Evangelists, the Apostles and the first martyrs, for the defense of that Israel whose sap is holy, Saint Paul says, and among whose branches we were grafted. Christians who have heard the word of Pius XI: "Anti-Semitism is unacceptable; spiritually we are Semites," have understood that their God is slapped in the face and outraged by this anti-Semitic rage, and that this rage, by persecuting and exterminating the Jews, seeks to inflict upon Christ a new kind of passion, in His people, until, or while, it undertakes to inflict it upon Him in His church. Unfortunate are those who do not understand these things. They do not see that the axe is already raised against themselves.

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It is not alone on the human and rational plane that the fight against racism and anti-Semitism must be conducted and has a chance of triumphing. It is also and first of all on the plane of the Gospel and the evangelical values, on the plane of faith and the energies of faith. In the period which confronts us today, war was unleashed by nazi Germany and war will end up by delivering from the hands of the nazis the Jewish people as well as the other enslaved peoples. But, in the meantime, the Jews of Europe are still in the hands of the Germans who are going ahead with their extermination, and in the hands of God, Who is preparing, for those exterminated here on earth, eternal life and the homeland which does not betray. We must do, with desperate energy, all that is humanly possible[21] to succor those men, women and children who are faced with extermination—and first of all to hasten the victory which will destroy the enemy by the force of arms. As the Anglican Episcopacy has just demanded, we must find everywhere, in the allied countries as well as in the neutral, immediate lands of refuge where those who can still be saved may be saved. As President Roosevelt and the representatives of the United Nations have proclaimed, those who are directly responsible for the atrocities must know that they will be justly and mercilessly punished. Alas, these means of rescue, as necessary as they may be, remain weak and uncertain. How many Jews will henceforth be able to escape from the German chains and reach the lands of refuge? And as for the master executioners, it is to be feared that many of them, feeling themselves lost, will still prefer to quench their thirst for blood, in the flames of the infernal Valhalla that they bear within themselves, before descending to the place to which they are destined. The fury of reprisals will be stronger in them than the fear of punishment. The inexpressible horror of the present situation is due to the fact that we find ourselves confronted with the powerlessness of human means in the presence of the bloodiest iniquity in history. This frightful powerlessness makes one want to die.

If we had the faith of old Christendom, or simply the faith of the Ninevites, we should see crowds of Christians covering themselves with sack-cloth and ashes, and forming processions on all the highways and byways of the world, begging the Almighty to extend His hand at last. In any event those who still believe in the efficacy of prayer and sacrifice know what they have to do before God, and men, for the eldest race delivered up to destruction. The Jewish faith in the Messiah to come, the Christian faith in the Messiah come, crucified and resurrected, are the supreme weapons against which racism and anti-Semitism will come to grief.

Let us not forget that after the war the spiritual germs which are the profound cause of evil will still remain in the world. We will have to stamp them out. Saint Paul wrote that Christ will put to death the lawless man by the breath of His mouth, that is, by the word of truth. It will be necessary that men free of everything save God alone proclaim this word. It will be necessary, it is necessary, that in the name of faith and in the name of reason, Christians or those simply faithful to human truths shout it to the four corners of the earth, destroying the deathly silence of those persons who are entrenched in their clear consciences and whom truth disturbs. The word sets men free, when it recalls them to the sense of their original grandeur and dignity. It must be spread everywhere, in the schools, in the factories, in the press and on the radio. If we want to cure men of the spiritual corruption of racism and anti-Semitism, we must ever remind them that they were born for freedom and that they are equal before the law, and that they receive from natural law inviolable rights and infrangible duties. And let us ever remind them that God is Truth and Love, let us remind them of the unity of mankind and of the spiritual dignity of the human person, of the sovereign law of brotherly love, of all that the Gospel has taught us, not only for eternal life, but also for the earthly life of individuals and peoples.

[21] A program of rescue has been proposed by the Joint Emergency Committee for European Jewish Affairs and was submitted to the Bermuda Conference. See Appendix.

Appendix

The program for the rescue of Jews from nazi-occupied Europe, which was submitted to the Bermuda Refugee Conference by the Joint Emergency Committee for European Jewish Affairs (complete copies of this program may be obtained by writing to the American Jewish Congress, 330 West 42 Street, New York, New York; this being one of the eight constituent organizations in the Joint Emergency Committee), includes the latest estimates as to the destruction of the Jews in Europe as well as the specific recommendations reprinted below. Following these recommendations are various appendices, elaborating on "the record of extermination," "sanctuaries," "status for the stateless," "feeding," "Jews as prisoners of war," "machinery for program of rescue," and "financing rescue program."

I. The United Nations should approach the German Government, and the governments of the states it now partly dominates or controls, through the Vatican or neutral governments like Switzerland, Spain, Sweden, Turkey, Argentine, with a view to securing their agreement to the release of their Jewish victims and to the emigration of Jews to such havens of refuge as may be provided.

II. The United Nations should, without delay, take steps to designate and establish a number of Sanctuaries in Allied and neutral countries to accommodate substantial numbers of Hitler's victims and to serve as havens of refuge for those Jews whose release from captivity may be arranged for, or who may find their way to freedom through efforts of their own.

III. The procedure that now prevails in the administration of the existing immigration law in the United States, which acts as a deterrent and retardation of legal immigration under the established quotas, should be revised and adjusted to war conditions, in order that refugees from nazi-occupied territories, within such quotas, may find Sanctuary here.

IV. Subject to provisions for its national security, England should be asked to provide for receiving a reasonable number of victims escaping from nazi-occupied territories and to provide for their accommodation for the duration.

V. The possibilities in several British territories, both in Africa and in the Caribbean, should be explored without delay. Sanctuary has already been afforded to thousands of refugees in these territories and there is room for many more, if not for permanent settlement, at least for the duration.

VI. The United Nations should urge the Republics of Latin America to modify such administrative regulations that now make immigration under the law extremely difficult, and to endeavor to find temporary havens of refuge for a substantial number of refugees.

VII. Overriding pre-war political considerations, England should be persuaded to open the doors of Palestine for Jewish immigration and the offer of hospitality made by the Jewish Community of Palestine should be accepted.

VIII. The United Nations should provide financial guarantees to all such neutral states as have given temporary refuge to Jews coming from nazi-occupied territories and to provide for their feeding and maintenance and eventual evacuation. The neutral states should be guaranteed that the refugees will not become a public charge and that they will be transferred to permanent Sanctuaries as soon as possible.

IX. In order to do away with the lack of identity which many stateless refugees present, and to give them sponsorship and protection, an arrangement similar to that which existed under the League of Nations should be established and the stateless refugees should be given identification passports analogous to the "Nansen" passports.

X. In view of the fact that mass starvation is the design of the nazi régime, the United Nations should take appropriate steps without delay to organize a system for the feeding of the victims of nazi oppression who are unable to leave the jurisdiction and control of the Axis.

XI. It is submitted that the United Nations undertake to provide the financial guarantees that may be required for the execution of the program of rescue here outlined.

XII. The United Nations are urged to establish an appropriate intergovernmental agency, to which full authority and power should be given to implement the program of rescue here outlined.

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